John Bull, November 19, 1921. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXX, No. 807. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1921. TWOPENCE.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

MORRIS'S TURKISH 'BLEND' Cigarettes

Have the pleasing properties of the world-famed Dubec growth of Turkish Tobacco.

1/3 for 20

B. Morris & Sons, Ltd., London, E.

WAKEFORD AND HIS WIFE

Cow & Gate Milk Food

MOTHERS! *THIS GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE IS YOURS for the ASKING.*

Let your Baby have the benefit of Cow and Gate Milk Food; try this sample at our expense.

Cow and Gate Milk Food is made from the milk of high-grade English dairy cows, within a stone's throw of the rich Somerset and Dorset pasture lands where Cow and Gate Cows graze. Doctors and Nurses are emphatic in its praise.

Fill up the coupon, slip it in an envelope and post at once to Dept. S., Cow and Gate House, Guildford.

Cow and Gate Milk Food is obtainable in the undernoted sizes from all chemists and when your Baby has shown hearty appreciation of the free sample, there is a supply at your Chemists—always fresh and ready for you.

2/6 Large, 7/6 Household size (Half Cream), *blue label*, for Infants from Birth until 6 months

3/- Large, 8/6 Household size (Full Cream), *pink label* from 4 months onwards.

If any difficulty in obtaining write direct. *Cow and Gate Baby Book*, 1/3. *Cow and Gate Feeding Spoon, and Measure in best electro-plate*, 4/3.

Free Sample Coupon.

Send me by return post sample Cow & Gate Milk Food

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Address.....

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My Chemist is .....

COW AND GATE HOUSE, GUILDFORD

Proprietors: The West Surrey Central Dairy Co., Ltd.

Babies Love it!

DIZZINESS!

SUDDEN faintness may mean sudden death. Don't dismiss dizziness as a sign of mere passing indisposition. It may indicate a much more serious and deep-seated trouble—NEURASTHENIA or Nervous Exhaustion.

ARE YOUR SYMPTOMS HERE?

Tens of thousands of people to-day are martyrs to Neurasthenia or Nerve Force Poverty, which symptomises itself in frequent headaches, acute tenderness, throbbing eyes, low spirits, forgetfulness, inability to concentrate, trembling, timidity, irritability, etc., etc., etc.

Do not ignore these danger signals! You may be verging on complete nervous and mental collapse. It is fatal to fog exhausted nerves with drugs or stimulants. Your only hope is to rebuild your wasted nerve cells with life-giving PHOSPHORUS in its most potent form—"ALEXINE."

"ALEXINE" gives immediate and lasting benefit in all cases of nerve weakness and disorder. It is a reconstructive food-restorative and there are *no ill after-effects.*

ALEXINE

THE NATIONAL FRENCH REMEDY

Of all Chemists and Stores, 5/- and 10/- a bottle, or post free 5/6 and 10/9 direct from the Sole British Agents—

HEPPELL'S, Chemists,
164, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

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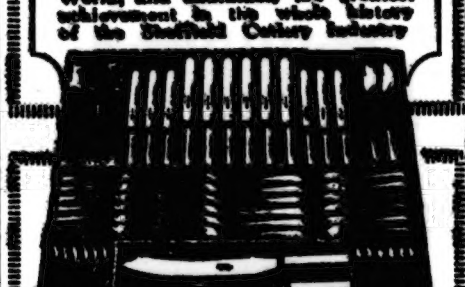
SHEFFIELD
STAINLESS CUTLERY

The Finest Cutlery Value in the World, and undoubtedly the greatest achievement in the whole history of the Sheffield Cutlery Industry



THE GRAVES SERVICE OF STAINLESS CUTLERY

and magnificent Table Plate in all particulars is by far the most attractive Stainless Cutlery Offer ever made.

The KNIVES are of genuine "Enterprise" Brand Stainless Steel, fitted with handles of beautifully grained Ivorette, the most perfect substitute for Ivorine Ivory. Carver blade of genuine "Enterprise" Brand Stainless Steel, 9in. long, scimitar shaped. Carving Fork fitted with adjustable hand-guard.

7/6 with order

Forks & Spoons are manufactured from Columbian Silver, a special amalgam of metals produced exclusively for our Guests and unobtainable from any other source. This beautiful metal bears a bright lustrous polish indistinguishable from sterling silver, wears white all through. Lasts a lifetime

WE DELIVER the Graves Stainless Service of Cutlery and Superfine Table Plate, carriage paid to approved orders on receipt of 7/6 with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 7/6 if you are entirely satisfied with the Service after examination. Money back in full, if at all dissatisfied.

THE GRAVES SERVICE COMPRISES:

1 Pair Genuine "Enterprise" Brand Stainless Steel CARVERS, 9-inch Carved Blade, handsome Ivorette handles, securely fitted.

6 Table Knives	6 Dessert Spoons	1 Salt Spoon
6 Table Forks	6 Tea Spoons	1 Sugar Spoon
6 Dessert Knives	6 Egg Spoons	1 pr. Tongs
6 Dessert Forks	2 Table Spoons.	1 Jam Spoon

Price **90/-** without case.

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J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

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When the Children Cough, Rub Miller's Musterole on Throats and Chests

No telling how soon the symptoms may develop into croup, or worse. And then's when you're glad you have a jar of Miller's Musterole at hand to give prompt, sure relief. It does not blister.

As first aid and a certain remedy, Miller's Musterole is excellent. Thousands of Mothers know it. You should keep a jar in the house, ready for instant use. Gently massage it in with the finger-tips. See how quickly it brings relief—how fast the trouble vanishes.

It is the remedy for adults, too. Relieves sore throat, bronchitis, tonsilitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, chilblains, frosted feet, and colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia).

2/6 a jar. All chemists.

THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

MILLER'S
MUSTEROLE

If you Wish to Play you Shall Play—

I WILL TEACH YOU.

During twenty years I have taught thousands—it all what a few of them say, my book will tell of hundreds such:—

Beginners: *"Within an hour of receiving your lesson I had the notes of both treble and bass on my mind for all time."—J. B. B. (Parkgate, Cheshire).*

"I can only say Difficulties simply flv away. It is a pleasure to practice."—Miss E. E. F. (Manor Park).

"I find practising a delight instead of a study, and mastering the notation was a pleasure."—E. P. C. (Bedford).

"The system is marvellous."—H. P. E. (H.M. Ship "Queen Elizabeth.")

Lessons graded to suit each pupil. *Simple* absorbingly interesting, INTENSIVE. My Book "Mind, Music and Keyboard," will be sent for FREE personal opinion and Advice on receipt of postcard with name (Mrs., Miss, Rev. or Mr.) and one word to suit your case. "Beginner," "Elementary," "Moderate" or "Advanced." If others why not YOU? SEND NOW. Mr. H. Becker, 81, Bedford House, Holborn Viaduct, London E.C.1.

A MARVELLOUS WATCH BARGAIN

A Facsimile Ten-Guinea Demi-Hunter Watch

Actual size of watch.

FOR ONLY **1 GUINEA**

An amazing WATCH offer, eclipsing any other Bargain ever introduced to the public, is now offered by C. WILSON, WATCH FACTOR, who has made a wonderful purchase by auction of

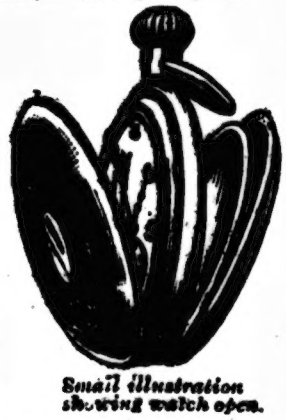
5,000 HIGH-CLASS GOLD-CASED DEMI-HUNTER WATCHES,

and instead of selling them to the trade on the customary long credit, has decided to sell them singly, direct to the public, for prompt cash at the astonishing low advertising price of

21/- each post paid.

HANDSOME IN APPEARANCE. RELIABLE TIMEKEEPER. A PERFECT MODEL.

Each watch has a beautiful jewelled movement, patent keyless action, compensation balance, non-magnetic tempered spring, clear sunlight dial with seconds hand, in stout, highly-finished demi-hunter case with dust-proof dome. Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Every watch tested and warranted for five years. These magnificent watches are an exact facsimile of the finest models in the world, and if bought from a shop could not be purchased under £5 5s. 0d. A handsomer watch has yet to be invented. A watch that any gentleman would be proud to wear.



Small illustration showing watch open.

Seize this unusual opportunity and send for this marvellous watch bargain by return of post. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

C. WILSON, WATCH FACTOR, 6, ANSDELL ST., SHIRLEY RD., J.1, MANCHESTER

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£100 REWARD IN PRIZES.

Get this latest Evening Craze To-day.

Everybody is making his or her own tune with **WILFORD'S MUSICAL JIG-SAW**, the most amusing and intensely fascinating puzzle ever produced.

Whether a child or grown-up, you can enter for this wonderful new competition.

All you have to do is to purchase the puzzle from your Music Dealer or Bookstall for 1/-. This covers entrance fee for the £100 in Prizes offered by Messrs. Wilford, Ltd. £50 for the correct solution, £20 for the best alternative tune, £10 to the shop or stall selling the winning copy, and many other valuable prizes.

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JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain, Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant: Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer, The dread of all who wrong." *Whittier.*

Vol. XXX. No. 807. Week ending Saturday, November 19th, 1921. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

"If You See It——"

What journal was it which, shortly after the sudden breakdown of the health of Mr. Bonar Law, predicted his complete recovery within a few months, and a return to active political life? We are sure we read something of the kind somewhere.

The Bigland Case.

Although we do not agree with their view, we are prevented by the opinion of the legal advisers of this journal from discussing the steps we are taking in reference to the attitude adopted by Sir Chartres Biron during the recent Bow Street proceedings. We can, therefore, for the moment do no more than, in the blessed words of Asquith, say "Wait and see."

That Poor Old League.

Doesn't it occur to those who still look to the League of Nations for the salvation of the world that the whole of its functions have been usurped by the Washington Conference? In other words, whilst America repudiates the League, it is prepared to do the work for which it was formed. Lord Robert Cecil must be a sad man the noo.

The Washington Confab.

At the same time, as we have before ventured to remark, we do not anticipate any practical result from the coming Conference. But for getting anything substantial out of it, we shall back the wily little Jap.

Privilege of Counsel.

We regret that, after all, we were prevented from formally introducing our Bill to curtail the privilege at present enjoyed by Counsel to sling mud at witnesses without any legal responsibility. In any case, however, it would have been impossible to have got the measure through in the present session, but we shall certainly revive the subject next year. Meanwhile, we acknowledge, with gratitude, the blessing of no less distinguished a contemporary than the *Manchester Guardian* upon our little Bill.

A Wasted Session.

We think it will be the general opinion that the Autumn Session of Parliament, just ended, might very well have been dispensed with. Designed to settle the Irish problem—the solution of which its discussions made more difficult than ever—it resolved itself into an academic and amateurish effort to grapple with the question of unemployment—the seriousness of which it has done nothing practical to alleviate.

Not Taking Any.

In a very friendly Open Letter addressed to us by the Rev. A. M. Mitchell, Vicar of St. Michael's, Burton Wood, the rev. gentleman asks: "By the way, what is your tipple—coffee, tea, pop, fruit juice or ginger wine—with herb, or 'erb, as a substitute if you prefer it?" The answer is in a very strong negative!

America's Magnanimity.

We are delighted to have the assurance of the American Ambassador that, not only would the United States never add to its territory by conquest, but that it would not accept any further dominions even by gift. That makes Canada secure for all time—to say nothing of the West Indies, Mexico and China.

RECORD FOOTBALL PRIZE!

£2,000

FOR ONLY TEN.

Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of Cover.

A Postal Suggestion.

Numerous complaints reach us daily from Continental firms who are called upon to pay excess postage on letters from England—the fact being that the average citizen does not know that the rate has been altered from 2½d. to 3d. per letter. Why not have a notice to this effect displayed prominently over every Continental letter-box?

Fish for All.

In view of the glut of herrings and other fish, why on earth does not the Government either start a service of trawlers of its own or make special arrangements with the railway companies for cheap transport to the various markets—wiping out the middle-man—and also distribute quantities to the unemployed through local Guardians? There are worse cries to-day than "Fish for All!"

The Hornsey Election.

The *Observer* directs attention to the fact that it was in this constituency we made our political *début* in 1887, "but were defeated by over a thousand votes." If our contemporary will look up the figures of other contests in the constituency, it will find that we have no reason to be ashamed of the result, which indeed led to old Gladstone's famous *dictum* of "One Man One Vote," our defeat being entirely due to the faggot votes, as they were called.

Abortive Prosecutions.

Isn't it about time that the Crown assumed responsibility for the costs of people put to enormous expense in defending unsuccessful prosecutions—especially in murder trials?

A Journalistic Mem.

Look out for another journalistic "scoop" when ex-Speaker Lowther's Reminiscences, now appearing in *Sunday Illustrated*, come to an end. Meanwhile, be sure to secure *next* Sunday's issue.

Coming Events.

Surely there is some significance in the announcement that Mr. Lloyd George has just purchased an estate in Surrey—which will be much more convenient for getting to and from the House of Lords than Criccieth.

The Unholy Turk.

The Government are still flirting with the Turk, who will undoubtedly let them down in the end. Much better come to terms with Greece, who, as we have pointed out, is doing her best to wipe out the mistakes of the war.

Libelling the House.

We are glad that our honourable friend Mr. John saw fit to withdraw his slander on the House of Commons. Our own observation leads us to the view that such conviviality as is indulged in within its precincts is not the monopoly of any one Party or section.

Other Times, Other Manners.

When the *Daily News* absorbed the *Morning Leader* it announced that the best of both journals would be retained—and at once made Racing one of its prominent features. And our righteous contemporary now advertises that it has the best Sporting service. Which is good.

The Prince and India.

By this time, the Prince of Wales should have reached India, and of course, all the papers will contain accounts of his enthusiastic reception. We, however, consider it our duty to repeat our warnings as to the grave risk His Royal Highness runs. A great responsibility rests upon the Viceroy in this matter.

Ireland.

It is now quite evident that the policy of the Prime Minister is to let Ulster and Sinn Fein fight things out between themselves, and in the event of disagreement to dissolve Parliament and leave it to another Government to solve the problem—which is a characteristically clever method of saving himself both politically and perhaps physically.

"The Devil Was Sick."

"Relief tickets taken with civility," reads a notice in a provision store at East Ham. What we should like to see is a greater show of civility in the giving of these tickets, especially to those who answered the Call. After all, it is only deferred pay for services rendered. So much was promised, so little has been performed.

The Stuff to Give 'Em.

At the Thames Police Court Solomon Posner was fined £100 for offences against the Aliens Act. It transpired that he had joined the British Army, deserted, and had only lately been traced. "You slunk from hole to hole, hiding your cowardly head and craven heart," was the Magistrate's comment. Really the Thames is becoming quite a model Police Court.

A Chair for Mother.

For nearly two years the Managers of the Link's Road School, Mitcham, have been striving to secure a dancing licence. At length the Surrey Licensing Committee have yielded to the pressure of local opinion, but what they gave with the right hand they took away with the left. They granted the licence for Fridays instead of Saturdays, as requested, and then only on condition that the chairs shall be banded together in threes. We could have thought of an easier way of insulting Cupid—and incidentally the young folk of Mitcham—than that, and made the chairs go farther. Why not have tied 'em in pairs, back to back? But love will find a way.

Waitresses' Wretched Wages.

Where in the world did the Special Committee of the L.C.C. get the information on which they based their recent report that there was "no serious ground of complaint" on the part of female assistants in London eating-houses? Not from the waitresses themselves assuredly, for there is probably no class of women who work more arduously, for longer hours, or under worse conditions, while their wages, as a rule, are wickedly inadequate. In some of the largest and busiest West End restaurants the rate is 12s. and "commission," with a minimum of 20s. for a week of some 60 hours. In smaller places the pay is much lower, and "tips"—which, by the way, are almost invariably "pooled"—are negligible. The L.C.C. Committee should enquire again, and in the right quarter.

The Shameful Traffic.

The traffic in worn-out horses to the Continent continues, despite the denials of the Ministry of Agriculture. Decrepit animals that have given their strength and spirit in the service of man on this side of the Channel, are callously shipped abroad to, say, Belgium, there to be slaughtered for human food. The miseries these poor brutes endure on the voyage are indescribable. Many fall and die before they reach their destination. The horse is a highly sensitive animal. We believe that many, if not all of them, have a premonition of their end as they leave the land where they have laboured without recognition or reward. It is a frightful thought. If there is a Hell, justice demands that there should be a specially warm corner in it for the human brutes who grow rich in this vile trade. We shall never cease our efforts to abolish the devilish and brutalising traffic

So Simple!

Much resentment, we hear, was caused at Southampton when a proposal to send a Guard of Honour of the R.E.s to take part in the Armistice Day celebrations at the local cenotaph was turned down by the Committee who had charge of the arrangements. This remarkable decision was, it seems, inspired by a desire for "simplicity." Simplicity in sooth! What could be more simple or impressive than a military guard doing homage to the Glorious Dead?

An Anachronism.

In connection with the appointment of a successor to Lord Sandhurst, surely the time has arrived to relieve the Lord Chamberlain of the duties of Censor of Plays. The British people are, for the most part, clean and healthy-minded, and the Press wholesome without being prudish. No immoral play would be permitted to succeed. It is always a mistake to treat grown men and women as if they were children. Our own view is that public opinion should be the only Censor of the Arts, and we are prepared to back its taste and judgment.

Pussyfoot's Latest.

The bone-dry cranks of the United States are busy making a land fit for Pussyfoots to live in. The latest news is that they are turning their attention to sport, and a Bill has already passed the House of Representatives which, if passed by the Senate, will prohibit the use of the mails for newspapers publishing the odds in "contests of speed, strength or skill." This means the thin edge of the wedge suppressing all racing intelligence. We must watch the course of events or it will be our turn next.

Comforting the Out-of-Works.

In too many districts Local Authorities, vexed by the Communist extremists, are inclined to regard the hapless "unemployed" collectively as a lot of disreputable "won't works." This is a great and tragic mistake. But in several places a better and more sympathetic spirit is shown—as at Birmingham where the Baths Committee have opened rest and refreshment rooms, where as many of the poor chaps as possible can daily find refuge from the cold and cheerless streets; and at Redruth, where a lady has started a local fund to provide tobacco and cigarettes for those who are in the greatest need. We welcome these splendid examples of the "art of being kind."

A Busman's Tragedy.

Contracting "neurasthenia" through the constant vibration of the 'bus on which he was employed as conductor, a poor chap named Kimber was on the sick list for many weeks last winter. On returning to duty he was warned by the L.G.O.C.'s doctor that if he was taken ill again he would be "scratched off the books." So, although his malady speedily returned, dread of losing his job forced him to "stick it" till he was an absolute wreck, with the result that he made several errors in his complicated cash bills, for which he was summoned before the Board and dismissed. In this way he lost the compensation he would have received if discharged on account of illness. He appealed, unsuccessfully, and now, ill, workless, and hopeless, he is utterly "down and out." It seems shame.

Mean Bumbles.

Having picked up a ten-shilling Treasury Note an inmate of Romford Workhouse reported his find to the Master, who duly passed it on to the Guardians. As nobody claimed the note, the generous Bumbles rewarded the man for his honesty by allowing him to keep it, but decided to dole it out at the rate of two shillings a week. This was no doubt intended to curb any tendency on the inmate's part to become purse-proud and haughty, or to fall into riotous living!

Allegiance Oath for Public Jobs.

Our recent dicta on "Teachers' Loyalty" have aroused public interest in the question of an oath of allegiance for all in public positions. Why not? In the Post Office, for instance, there are many firebrands whose past conduct promises little security for vital secrets which must occasionally come within their reach. It may be that an oath by these creatures would be as valueless as a promise by rats not to pilfer the corn. But, having taken the oath, and being fully aware of the consequences of a breach, traitors with evil minds but faint hearts might be made less dangerous.

Fiends in Human Guise.

It seems incredible that, as punishment for a childish fault, any mother could hold her tiny five-year-old son's little hands close to a fierce fire till they were horribly burned and blistered. Yet that is what a female fiend named Margaret Hamm, of Duffryn, St. Ferndale, Rhondda, did, while two other dehumanised monsters, a man named Morgan Davies and his wife, aided and abetted the atrocious act. The three were each fined £3, instead of being sent to gaol, as they assuredly should have been—and would that the law permitted them to be treated to a taste of the torture they inflicted on a helpless infant!

The Wrong Target.

Accidents will happen in the best regulated newspaper offices, and it was through pure inadvertence that we recently cast an undeserved aspersion upon Mr. W. C. Rogers, who till quite recently represented local ex-Service men on the Aylesbury Borough Council. The accidental substitution of the name of Aylesbury for that of a neighbouring town can hardly have influenced the minds of those who are familiar with Mr. Rogers's record of consistent service to the "discharged and demobbed," and we can only assume that it was in a fit of absent-mindedness that the Aylesbury electors failed to return him to the Council on the 1st of November. From all we hear, he is not likely to be long out in the cold.

Music for the Million.

Popular music at a popular price. That is what everybody is wanting just now. And that is exactly what JOHN BULL gives in the "John Bull" Song and Dance Annual, now on sale everywhere at the modest price of 1s. 6d. This bumper budget of music and merriment comprises 25 popular copyright pieces—16 humorous and sentimental songs, 8 dances, and the chorus of "Whispering." For "a mere song" you can obtain the popular hits of such well-known singers as Harry Lauder, George Robey, Harry Weldon, Harry Champion, Jack Pleasants, Delysia, Hetty King and Daisy Dormer. And you also get a fine selection of Fox Trots, One-Steps and Valses.

Writes "right" if it's a "JOHN BULL" Pen. Coupon on page 14.

The Kitchener Film.

Several hundred Peers and members, representing all parties in both Houses of Parliament, were present yesterday at a special private view of the much-discussed film "How Kitchener Was Betrayed," the plot of which is based on an article recently published in JOHN BULL. The film met with the strong approval of the distinguished audience.

Bodies First.

In these hard times even the British and Foreign Bible Society are feeling a draught. Last year they spent £116,000 over and above their income, but we note that the circular which supplies this information omits to say what that income was. It must, however, have been considerable. Far better if a portion of it had gone towards feeding some of our starving out-of-works.

Taxing Our Patience

An attempt is being made to levy a toll on the subscription of members of athletic clubs. This barefaced robbery is camouflaged under the cloak of the Entertainment Tax. We do not think Parliament will permit its Acts to be misapplied in this manner. But if the worst comes to the worst our young men can always fall back on dominoes!

Shakespeare or Bacon?

The Lord Chief Justice, assisted by two learned colleagues, has decided that school children may not be taken to Shakespearean performances at the expense of the rates. Yet they may go to the House of Commons, Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, or the Guildhall. It appears that Shakespeare is not of "educational value or interest" within the meaning of the Act. Admittedly it is more important that the youngsters should have a solid grounding in the three R.s, yet this official disparagement of the Bard of Avon is a little difficult to understand.

The Prince's Peril.

We are sorry to say we were not far short of the mark when we expressed our fear that the Prince of Wales' mission to India would not be unattended by danger—not merely from the elements and the ordinary risks of travel, but from the malignancy of the seditious. Already, before H.R.H. touched Indian shores, a native typist has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for threatening to assassinate the Heir to the Throne on his arrival. We fear so lenient a sentence will serve as an encouragement rather than as a deterrent to the dangerously disaffected, and can only hope the Indian authorities will not leave it too late before adopting measures sufficiently stern.

"The Mystic Ei ht."

"The Mystic Eight" has set all England guessing. Only the inventor—who is under a pledge of secrecy, and who has handed over the two key solutions to the safe custody of JOHN BULL—and ourselves know the solutions. We propose to help our readers from time to time by giving clues, and next week an announcement of intense interest to all purchasers will be made. There is still time to compete, as the closing date is not until December 30th. So make sure to-day to order "The Mystic Eight," which, in addition to providing a chance of winning a prize of £5 to £300, will provide unlimited amusement for your friends.

Hyde Park Again.

Hearing a Hyde Park orator make treasonable remarks, Captain Ernest Parsons, of the British Empire Union, justly incensed, ventured to expostulate. A policeman requested him to move on, and because he declined to do so he was marched off to the Police Station like a common malefactor and subsequently bound over in the sum of £5 for "obstructing a policeman in the execution of his duty." Things have come to a queer pass when talking treason invites police protection while voicing patriotism is regarded as a crime.

A Recipe for A1 Citizens.

It being rumoured locally that there was a little overcrowding, the Seaton Delaval (Durham) Council instructed its Surveyor to enquire and report. It then appeared that in one case a father, mother and ten children, whose ages ranged from one to nineteen years, were living in three rooms! What standard of moral and physical health is possible under such conditions? Yet the Government cheerfully spends millions on sandy Eastern wastes, while the Churches find millions to provide flannel waistcoats for equatorial savages. It is a topsy-turvy world.

PICTURES
: FOR THE PICTUREGOER :
32 pages—2 colours—all photogravure—2d. weekly.
18 Big Features, including
double page art plate of
GEORGE K. ARTHUR.
On Sale at all newsagents and bookstalls.

Well Served.

For brutally kicking his step-child, a boy of eleven, in such a way as seriously to injure his health, James Laycock, of Leeds, was awarded three months' hard labour—a sentence not one whit too severe. The importation of such brutality into the family circle is a tendency that is best checked by sharp and suitable penalties, and we congratulate the Leeds Stipendiary, Mr. Horace Marshall, on meting out a fit and proper punishment.

Rats.

The Manchester authorities have been trying to exterminate sewer rats by poison, but the rodents devour the stuff with avidity, and so far from its proving fatal they seem to thrive on it. Up to date the cost works out at £9 for every dead rat, with the presumption that even these defunct ones perished from some other cause than the costly dope. Pleasant for the ratepayers who have to pay the piper, and *don't* they wish he was the "Pied Piper" who worked such wonders with the rat-plague in Hamelin Town.

Heartless Wager.

To win a wager of £100 George Brass, a Scorton publican, drove a horse attached to a landau from Stockton to Catterick Bridge, a distance of 22 miles—which the poor animal, urged on by the whip, accomplished in 2 hours 20 minutes, falling down dead at the finish. The whole party concerned were let off with fines varying from £5 to £2 and costs, which to them was "easy money." If all the lot had been harnessed to the landau and compelled to run it over the same ground, it would have been no more than they deserved And we wouldn't have spared the whip, either.

Gratitude—as per Invoice.

Just think of it! Jack Cox, Penton Place, Walworth, served throughout the late war, was twice wounded, and killed in action a few days before the Armistice. Of what worth was that extreme sacrifice think you? A grateful country, having located the burial-place of the hero, erects a headstone to his memory, and then coolly proposes to charge the sorrowing relatives—3½d. per letter for an inscription! Think of it, we say. "He died for King and Country"—as per invoice, 6s. 8½d.! Could even the Huns do worse?

The Wrong Way.

When the building of four large new warships was finally decided on, the Government intimated that the contracts would be given out to cover as many districts, and so relieve as much unemployment as possible. Yet the first three contracts have been placed with Glasgow firms on the Clyde, and the fourth at Newcastle-on-Tyne, while Birkenhead, with one of the largest shipbuilding yards in Britain, and some 15,000 men out of work, has been given the go-by. And what about Portsmouth and Devonport?

Pussyfoot Going Strong.

Pussyfoot is going strong in the Metropolitan area. One after another the Licensing Magistrates are shutting up the London hostelries at 10 o'clock at night. All sorts of pumpuritan bodies petition and deputise the Benches, purporting to represent a majority of the people, whereas they represent nothing except Bethels and blether. Soon, if this sort of thing goes on, all London will be put to bed at 10 o'clock except West End hotel champagne parties, who, specially authorised to eat and drink and make merry after the theatre, won't go home till morning.

Bagged.

On the strength of an advertisement in a trade journal stating that Cooper and Co., of Barkerend Mills, Bradford, wanted to buy empty sacks, a grocer at Stockbridge, Hants, sent them a consignment of bags which he estimated to be worth £20. That was months ago, and he has never received the cash or even an acknowledgment. However, the local County Court officials are dubious as to legal proceedings, and a trade protection society whom he consulted say they've had many similar complaints of this firm, but consider them "not worth spending money on." Evidently a shaky concern.

Seasonable Prizes.

Christmas is the season of peace and good will; and in the majority of British households, on the appropriate date next month, those two blessings will be found to prevail. But there will be *one* home where peace should reach an unprecedented pitch, and where good will may be expected to expand beyond previous experience—and that will be the home of the competitor who carries off the First Prize of £1,000 in our "Bullets" Competition, which we are offering this week! In addition to this grand prize, there are Second and Third Prizes of £100 and £50 respectively, and, besides the usual numerous lesser awards, 100 fine fat turkeys, which will be despatched to their winners in good time for Christmas dinner. In short, "Bullets" will be responsible for more than a little peace and good will this coming season.

A Good Tip! Get a "JOHN BULL" Pen. Coupon on page 14.

THE SOUL MARKET.

PERILS THAT LIE IN WAIT FOR GIRLS BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

By W. CHARLES PILLEY (*Assistant Editor*).

FOR years past the dramatic profession has been cursed with a type of theatrical manager in whom the spirit of adventure proper to the life of the stage takes the form of utter and complete selfishness and a reckless disregard of the moral claims of those associated with him in the work of production. It is to eliminate this pest that the Actors' Association has recently instituted a campaign which deserves the earnest support of all who are concerned for the decencies of social life, and I am personally glad to be identified with this clean and useful movement. The sins of the bogus manager are legion. Unfortunately, the type is not as rare as might be wished, and the danger is one against which the humbler grades of the profession must be constantly on their guard. As things are at present, it is fatally easy for a so-called "manager," who may be a man of straw, with next to nothing in the way of capital, to get together a company of actors and actresses, rehearse them for a couple of weeks or so in a hired room, and then, without the least guarantee of financial stability, launch them on a provincial tour, trusting to luck and the nightly takings to see the enterprise through. In such circumstances there is not the faintest assurance that the meagre salaries promised will ever be paid. Among the principal delinquents I find the name of a Mr. Charles May, whose methods in their naked effrontery are typical of the bogus manager. It appears that this enterprising gentleman collected a company of artists—including a number of chorus girls—for a revue significantly entitled "It Can't Be Done." One of the first engagements booked was at Long Eaton, where the "ladies of the chorus" received the princely remuneration of twelve shillings a week. Even this attenuated prosperity was of short duration, for a week later, at Ilkeston, Mr. May announced that, the tour offering little promise of success, the company would be disbanded and the funds in hand divided equally among all who had borne a share in the enterprise.

THREEPENCE-HALFPENNY EACH!

The sequel is incredible, and if the facts were not authenticated in the clearest possible fashion the whole episode might be dismissed as a sorry jest. The net profits on the tour amounted to five shillings, and May actually had the impudence to distribute this paltry sum among the girl members of the company at threepence-halfpenny a head. There may be a humorous side to such incidents, but in many cases tragedy is not far distant. The plight of the unhappy artists, deserted and left penniless in such circumstances—often hundreds of miles from home—calls for no effort of description. There are occasions when, starving and desperate, these girls are exposed without ready means of defence to the severest temptations. Not seldom morality is a question of economics, and there is an obvious danger that through the inability to meet the expenses of their position the young women so placed may lend an ear to suggestions which in more prosperous circumstances they would regard with horror and detestation. This is the crux of a situation that cries aloud for a remedy. There is one way in which artists can protect themselves against such risks, and that is by refusing to accept service with any manager who does not use the "standard contract" devised by the Actors' Association. But so serious is the present state of unemployment that almost anything in the shape of an engagement is eagerly accepted, and the bogus manager continues to find victims with the utmost ease. In the dramatic profession, as in most others, there are "black sheep" to be found, and among them not a few who are willing to take the basest advantage of girls who, through the breakdown of these ill-starred engagements, have fallen upon evil times. For the bogus manager is not the only beast of prey who lurks in wait for the inexperienced aspirant to stage fame. Occasionally, the snare is set in a way which makes detection easy. At other times, it is skilfully concealed.

AN ARTFUL SNARE.

It is by no means difficult to cite chapter and verse for episodes which may well serve as a warning to any who are exposed to this special form of risk. A few months ago, the following advertisement appeared in a leading theatrical newspaper:—

> WANTED.—Young Lady Assist Young Magician. Schoolroom Entertainments. State able to ride cycle. Good pocket-money.—F. H. WARDE, G.P.O., Hunstanton.

A likely response to this promising invitation elicited the following reply:—

> DEAR MISS,—Your letter to hand addressed to Mr. Warde (a name I advertise in). You may join me if you can come at once. I give entertainments in Schoolrooms, staying a week in a town, work all villages around. In two weeks hence I shall be in Yarmouth. I may add this is a splendid life, but rather lonely on my own. I am only 25, and do not like being on my own. I would pay all your expenses and give you pocket-money; also keep you nicely dressed. You will be quite happy with me, and I hope you will take to the business. I make good money, and will see you want for nothing as long as you stay with me. I shall expect you to do shopping as I detest that part, although being a pro. I am well used to it. If you are coming, wire me. Perhaps you had better write also, but shall require you to come as soon as possible. You will, of course, stay with me, and have your meals with me, etc. Write fully if you understand. Have you been in the business? Let me know all particulars. You will quite understand room, etc., are dear just now. I have to pay as much as £2 many a time for a combined room one week booking.—Sincerely yours, H. TYNAN, *Entertainer*.

The evil suggestion contained in the above letter will be clear to the most innocent eyes. It is an obvious attempt to get in touch for improper purposes with girls who are interested in theatrical business. The lesson of such incidents is, of course, that young women in search of stage engagements should deal only with reputable agents or direct with managers of established credit. But that is not enough. Upon a thorough survey of the facts, I am convinced there is an unanswerable case for the compulsory registration of theatrical managers in order that stage artists may know with whom they are dealing, and be in a position to estimate the risk of a "show" collapsing in the disastrous way I have described. There is no other method of eliminating the undesirables who hang on to the fringe of the theatrical profession as of most other decent vocations. The stage is an honourable calling, and its honest members, who are in the vast majority, are rightly jealous of its reputation. They are entitled to look to the State for protection against those who, through want of principle, bring disgrace upon the theatrical world. I have chapter and verse for another case in which the manager of a company touring with a revue entitled "Oh! My!" engaged a number of girls at the Stourbridge Labour Exchange, paying them ten shillings for a week of twelve performances. I need not dwell upon the moral enormity of such "sweated" employment, which is as earnestly condemned by decent managers as by the rank and file of the profession. There was another particularly bad case during the last pantomime season, when a touring management, under the name of Cissie Lindsay and Ernest Annesley, of Musselburgh, having advertised for chorus girls, proceeded with their company to rehearse at the Operetta House, Edinburgh. There was no payment for rehearsals, and before very long the whole company were in desperate straits. So unsuccessful was the run of the pantomime that a few weeks later the artists were turned out of a train at Galashiels and told that if they wished to proceed to the next advertised venue they must pay their own railway fares. The ups and downs of the tour were not borne by the management but by the artists, who frequently had to subsist upon starvation wages, and to accept promises in lieu of pay. Yet, a month or two later, Miss Cissie Lindsay came up smiling again with advertisements for concert party artists, who it was evidently thought would be equally well able to live on air if mere solid nourishment should fail.

THE ONLY REMEDY.

The remedy for this state of things is the cleansing force of public opinion. I wish it were possible in some way for theatregoers to insist upon knowing, before purchasing tickets for any particular performance, whether those taking part in it were receiving the scale of payment laid down by the actors in conference as the minimum necessary to ensure a decent standard of subsistence for members of the theatrical profession. The stage ought not to be a soul market in which purity is at a discount and honour has its price. It is intolerable that those who cater for our entertainment should so often be compelled to drink deeply of the cup of degradation simply because we have not the heart to prevent it by wise and efficient measures for their protection. Outwardly the stage and the public are on excellent terms. Once the facts are known, I am sure there will be a universal disposition to extend a helping hand to those who, for all their lightness and laughter, are too often sad and sick at heart.

Why pay fancy prices for Fountain Pens? See page 14.

GRAVE R.I.C. SCANDAL.

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE IGNORED.

It is a root principle of British justice that a man is adjudged innocent until he has been proved guilty. We view, therefore, with no little concern the growing tendency of the bureaucrats to evolve a new law unto themselves: that a man may forever be damned, morally and socially, on the mere suspicion of irresponsible officialdom. The case of Mr. Courtenay, late District Inspector in the Royal Irish Constabulary at Portumna, Galway, is to the point in this connection. Mr. Courtenay originally joined the R.I.C. as a temporary cadet, and it so happened that his motor driver, Constable McArt, was the son of very respectable parents who were personally known to Mr. Courtenay. In the course of their official duties, these two men were frequently engaged on lonely and dangerous missions in the wilds of Galway, and their common experiences cemented the bonds of friendship which had been well laid in the past. In due course, Mr. Courtenay, by reason of his exceptional capabilities, was promoted to the post of District Inspector in another part of the country. The natural result followed. McArt made application to be transferred with him. Permission for this was, however, refused. As a consequence, Mr. Courtenay went out of his way to write a particularly friendly letter to his former driver. That letter never reached its destination. Intercepted in the post, the communication was forwarded to Dublin Castle—why or by whom is not known. The following day, Mr. Courtenay was summoned before an official. He was asked if he had written the letter in question and, quite honestly, replied that certainly he had. He was then abruptly informed that he was dismissed the Force.

AN AMAZING CHARGE.

Astounded, he asked why. Then, to his horror-stricken amazement, he was notified that through the misconstruction of an ambiguous phrase, a meaning of which he had never even dreamt had been read into his consolatory letter, and he realised that on this, and on this alone, one of the vilest charges in all the categories of crime had been imputed to him. From that day to this, Mr. Courtenay has never rested in his labours to procure for himself and the Constable that fair and legal trial which not only the law, but the very principles of justice demand. Until now he has failed in his endeavour. We make bold to state that Dublin Castle has relied on the assumption that Mr. Courtenay would be unwilling to bring the facts to the notice of the British public. But this time its reckonings are sadly astray. Mr. Courtenay, in the spirit of a man who is innocent and unashamed, is determined to press his claim to the highest tribunal. He is aware, and Dublin Castle is aware, that his dismissal is a flagrant defiance of all constituted authority.

DEMAND FOR INQUIRY.

By the R.I.C. Code of 1911, paragraphs 490-530, the most elaborate provision is made for Courts of Inquiry into any alleged offences. No such Court has been held. It is a sad commentary on the present day state that pressure of public and parliamentary opinion should be so often necessary to ensure that the constitutional rights of His Majesty's subjects are granted. Courtenay and McArt ask only that they be heard. That two men, of hitherto unquestioned moral standing, should be submitted to this degrading dismissal—the one, on a flimsy pretext of a friendly letter; the other, because he happened to be the addressee of a communication which never even came into his hands—may be well enough for the bureaucrats. It is certainly not good enough for the conscience of the public who pay them

THE WAY OF THE EAGLE.

YANKEE BIRD OF FREEDOM'S PRETTY WAYS.

We have received a large number of further complaints of the scandalous conditions obtaining at the New York Immigration Station at Ellis Island. Here is one instance. Mr. Mark Glanvill, a gentleman going out to study Y.M.C.A. methods, with his wife and baby, possessed of £200 in cash, with £150 additional awaiting him at the Y.M.C.A. Headquarters, and had unexceptionable credentials. This gentleman was surely worthy of the same courteous and friendly reception in U.S.A. as the Britisher extends to the humblest American citizen. Nevertheless, the little family were refused permission to land, and herded with dirty and foul-smelling denizens of Continental slums, virtually as prisoners. Confined in nauseous and crowded day and night cells, tormented by vermin, the sanitary conditions of an unspeakable character, they tasted the "sweets" of Yankee hospitality. The officials were insolent and cruel, rudely hustling the women, ignoring their sex, yelling harsh orders in a bullying and offensive tone. The female attendants, who might have done so much, seem to have been as callous and indifferent as the men. After passing some time in this American hell, Mr. Glanvill was sarcastically informed that he was excluded from the Great Republic. Later on, he was told he might appeal, but it would take about nine days, and—he might be unsuccessful! Denied the use of telephone facilities, prevented from communicating with friends, he was nearly mad with despair when his wife became so seriously ill that the bullies in charge were moved to convey her and the baby to hospital. Even there she found little sympathy, the nurses being callously indifferent to the baby's needs in spite of the mother's desperate appeals. The end of this cruel and revolting experience was that Mr. Glanvill, rather than suffer his wife and child to remain any longer under these disgusting and humiliating conditions, had actually to apply to the Commissioner to be deported! And thus he escaped from this Land of the Free.

FOOTBALL COMPETITION RESULT.

TWENTY-THREE COMPETITORS DIVIDE £1,000.

In our Eleventh Football competition the following twenty-three competitors succeeded in sending a coupon containing the correct forecasts of the ten matches played on November 5th, and, therefore, divide the prize of £1,000, each receiving the sum of £43 9s. 7d.:—Atherton, Mrs., Carlton Villa, Crabtree Road, Thornton-le-Fylde; Bennett, F., 3, St. John's Hill, Wimborne, Dorset; Burgess, F., 11, Lionel Road, Canton, Cardiff; Cackaday, G., 29, Manor Park, Lee, S.E.13; Cheesewright, E., 56, St. Kilda Road, West Ealing, W.; Dowling, F. C., 61, Porchester Road, Bournemouth; Dunford, F., West Street, Wrotham, Kent; Fleming, W., 18, Malvern Road, Weston-super-Mare; Griffiths, T., 192, Waterloo Road, Smethwick; Hankins, W., 57, Reading Road, Ipswich; Hogg, W., Almondbank, Perthshire; Lang, A., 24, Bruce Street, Greenock, N.B.; McCroakham, D., 169, Harrow Street, Moorthorpe, near Pontefract, Yorks; Marston, C. H., 10, City Road, Dunkirk, Nottingham; Moore, F. E., 50, Moore Street, Willenhall Road, Wolverhampton; Randall, G., Red House Farm, Monewden, Suffolk; Reade, W. R., Ravensmoore, near Nantwich; Shawforth, W., 177, Hollins Road, Walsden, Todmorden; Spinner, W., 6, Dour Cottages, Wood Street, Dover; Sutcliffe, J. H., 5, Fairfield, Hebden Bridge; Wheeler, H., 73, Park Road, Lowestoft; Whitehouse, J. W., 3, Longroyd Street, Dewsbury Road, Leeds; Wood, F., 47, Hertford Street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.

A GUINEA PAIR OF BOOTS for 12/6

AS AN ADVERTISEMENT TO MAKE KNOWN OUR BOOT DEPT.

IT seems almost incredible that *Guaranteed All Leather*, leather lined boots, with strong solid soles, strong uppers, should be sold at 12/6—less than pre-war price, but such is the case in this offer. Frankly we are afraid that the low price will deter our customers, but there is no risk, for if you are not perfectly satisfied we will refund your money without question. These boots are made in Balmoral and Derby shapes, and in all sizes and fittings. Secure a pair to-day while this wonderful opportunity lasts.

BOYS' BOOTS, similar quality, 10/6 post free.

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REVOLTING BABY FARMING DISCLOSURES.

CHILDREN RECEIVED FOR MONEY SUBJECTED TO FIENDISH CRUELTY AND NEGLECT.

THE very words "baby farmer" have a hateful sound. They seem to imply a brutal indifference to the sacred claim of childhood, and, where the culprit is a woman, an utter travesty of those attributes of the feminine nature which command general respect. Consequently, there has been a fierce outburst of public indignation over the case of Alice Kenyon Andrews, of The Barons, Twickenham, the degraded creature sentenced by the Brentford Magistrates to three months' imprisonment for the brutal ill-treatment of two baby girls. Face to face with such revolting disclosures, common decency clutches at any explanation which may account for conduct so offensive to the ordinary standards of humanity. "She must have been mad," we say, and with this trite reflection pass on to pleasanter things. But there was not the least evidence of insanity in the case of Alice Andrews. To all ordinary appearances, she was quite a normal woman, yet prone at times to vile outbursts of fury which vented itself without restraint upon the helpless infants in her charge. The question naturally arises, why did such a woman "adopt" babies and voluntarily accept the irksome task of caring for their physical necessities? There is one answer, and one only. It was for the sake of money. With one of the babies she had received the sum of £500, and it was only, we may suppose, when this money was spent that she repented the act of adoption and proceeded to wreak her vengeance upon the children.

A Spreading Scandal.

This sort of thing is not as uncommon as respectable people are apt to suppose. The records of the N.S.P.C.C. teem with cases of "baby farming," not all as revolting as the Twickenham episode, but most of them, nevertheless, of a nature to excite the anger of all who respect childhood. It is seldom that the adoption of an unwanted baby secures as high a premium as the £500 paid to Alice Andrews, nor is it always with threats and blows that these poor mites are tortured in mind and body. Frequently the slower agonies of starvation and neglect serve to rob childhood of its joys. There was a case at Dublin not long ago in which, through the medium of a newspaper advertisement, a woman had received a baby to nurse for a payment of fifteen pounds. There was evidence that she had made a business of adopting children, and the tale of misery unfolded to the Magistrate makes atrocious reading. It seemed that the poor child had been systematically robbed of nourishment, and its simplest physical needs neglected until the marvel was that it lived at all to bear dumb witness to the cruel agonies it had undergone. Rightly the N.S.P.C.C. regarded the case, not as an isolated incident, but as part of an "abominable system."

Revolting Details.

There had been so many deaths of children in the house occupied by this woman that the neighbours spoke of it as the "Coffin House." In the past three years this inhuman foster-mother had actually received four nurse children for money, and three of them had died under her neglect. It seems that the halting provisions of the Children Act afford nothing like an adequate safeguard against such a state of things; for the Dublin episode has been paralleled frequently in other parts of the United Kingdom. In too many cases it is only at a Coroner's inquest that the hideous facts are dragged to light, although the power of endurance which children display under the worst conditions of ill-treatment is the marvel of all who engage in the work of rescue. The impression that systematic baby-farming lies at the root of many charges of child neglect was confirmed the other day at the Berkhamsted Police Court, where a man and his wife were on trial for the neglect of an infant received for a money payment. The poor mite had succumbed to its privations, and it was stated in evidence before the Magistrates that, when taxed with its neglect, the woman prisoner had shamelessly declared that it was unreasonable to expect the baby to be cared for as decently as in an ordinary home, since "they had to get a living out of it." This is the pivot of the scandal. For neglecting an adopted child of about two years old a woman at Hereford was recently sent to prison for a month without hard labour. It was proved that she had had six children pass through her hands; one had died, four had been removed, and it was the last of the six that was the subject of the charge then before the Magistrates. When finally the authorities intervened they found the child's head and body alive with vermin, while its whole frame showed acute signs of neglect. Once again the cash nexus had brought about the artificial union between an inhuman foster-parent and an unwanted nurse child. This revolting scandal has grown beyond all bounds.

The Remedy.

It is a matter of considerable surprise to a number of people that so many of the provisions of Acts of Parliament for the protection of children are not more vigorously enforced. In regard to the welfare of nurse children there is a deplorable laxity. The trouble is that whilst the majority of Boards of Guardians exercise to the full their powers under Part I of the Children Act as to the registration and inspection of nurse children, there are some in whose areas no attempt is made to secure registration, no proceedings are taken against those who fail to register the reception of an infant, and no inspectors are appointed to see that these children are adequately cared for. It is time the attention of Parliament was drawn to this flagrant defiance of the law.

BRITISH SEAMEN DONE AGAIN.

MORE BROKEN PLEDGES FROM ACROSS THE WATER

Here is another story of British seamen marooned in New York. In July last ten men signed articles in London before the American Consul to sail on the United States Mail Steamship Company's vessel, the *Old North State*. They "signed on" with the understanding—so we are informed by one of them who writes from the British Seamen's Y.M.C.A., in New York—that should they be replaced by Americans in the States, they would be returned to London. They have completed four voyages in the vessel since they first joined, but on the last visit to New York were discharged on the pretext that the ship "was going out of commission." Briefly, the position of the men is that they now find themselves stranded in a foreign country without sufficient funds to pay their passage home; and owing to the large numbers of American seamen unemployed, their chance of getting another ship is practically *nil*. The British Consul cannot or will not render them any assistance, while the United States Mail Steamship Company repudiates all responsibility for their position. "I think you would be doing a public service," concludes our informant, "if you would warn, through the medium of your famous journal, any Englishman intending to sign on American ships." The warning seems to be needed, and we do not hesitate to give it.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SENTENCE.

AWKWARD QUESTIONS FOR THE SPALDING BENCH.

Sent to prison on a charge of begging, a vagrant was ordered by the Spalding Magistrates to pay his fare to Lincoln Gaol out of the seven-and-six which was found to be in his possession. Now we should certainly like to ask their Worships a question or two in connection with this sentence. If the man had refused, would he have been conveyed at the expense of the State, or, on the other hand, would the fare have been taken without his consent—in which case would it not have been an illegal action, rendering its perpetrator liable to the law? As a prisoner nowadays receives no money on his release; and as, in the present state of industrial stress, it is impossible for thousands with unblemished records to obtain employment, would it not have been more in conformity with Christian charity to have left this man his few paltry shillings rather than drive him by sheer need to further wrongdoing? And, finally, what would their Worships do were they friendless and penniless, workless and homeless, hungry and weary? We wonder whether the Magistrates will see their way to answer this series of questions. We fear they will not, but nevertheless answers should certainly be forthcoming. The case is as curious and interesting as any we have recently had brought to our notice.

STARVED TO DEATH.

HEARTRENDING END OF AN ELDERLY HERO.

Thomas Sheridan, of Langhorne, formerly served in the 3rd Gloucesters—several years in India and one in the South African War. Yet, despite the fact that he was well over fifty, when the Great War broke out in 1914 he re-enlisted, but was discharged as medically unfit in 1915. His spirit as willing as his flesh was weak, he had sprung to arms with all the ardour of a young man; and it may well be believed that the bitterest blow he received in the course of his life was when he heard the medical verdict the following year. He was granted a pension of 4s. 9d. a week. Last August, however, some brilliant official determined to save this stupendous expenditure for the State, and the pension was stopped. Sheridan appealed; and after months of waiting he was informed that his pension would be renewed. But before the first payment arrived Thomas Sheridan, late of the 3rd Gloucesters, had died from lack of proper nourishment. Let it be said to his honour that the West Carmarthenshire Coroner appreciated the tragedy of this case. Said he at the inquest: "Here was a man who fought for his country and when too old was allowed to starve to death. And this in a country fit for heroes to live in!" The verdict was "Death from natural causes." Was it not rather death from causes that are a reproach to the State?

Join the ranks! of "JOHN BULL" Pen users. See page 14.

SAINTS AND SINNERS: By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF POPULAR PEOPLE.

THE VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE.

IT has been given to few men to revolutionise this curious old place which we call the world. Julius Cæsar and Napoleon effected world-wide revolution by ways of war and devastation.

A more genial revolution was created by Stephenson with his discovery of steam. Another peaceful revolution must go to the credit of Caxton when he bestowed upon us the blessing, or the curse, of printed letter-press. At a later date, a venerable and pious old gentleman called Charles Darwin revolutionised the entire world of human thought with his theory of Evolution.

And then came Lord Northcliffe! And Lord Northcliffe has perhaps accomplished the most astonishing revolution of all. He has changed the character and conduct of the world by journalism.

I can best describe him by the phrase which he has used to me in regard to many of the extraordinary men he has employed. He is a "brilliant creature." The son of a poor barrister, and a member of a large family, there was little or no sign of brilliance at the outset of this remarkable man's career. He had no future found for him, but with his naturally adventurous temperament went out, explored the world of enterprise, and found a future for himself before he was out of his teens. He might have become a barrister, or have entered into the world of commerce. He chose neither of these courses, but elected to brave the world on the hazardous field of journalism.

It is interesting to remember that his first start in the journalistic fight was made in the company of Mr. Bottomley.

Well, he entered journalism, and he revolutionised it, and in doing so he has revolutionised us all. A daily newspaper is a necessary food for thought, morning and evening.

In those times—it is almost impossible for us to conceive what journalism was like before Lord Northcliffe appeared on the scene—a newspaper was very seldom seen in the home. It was something that father took away with him into the City, like his hat or his gloves, or his umbrella. It was a tedious, dull affair.

No one at that time who had any authority in journalism, appeared to think that the general public had any interest in anything beyond police and politicians. Lord Northcliffe knew otherwise. He knew that there were other and more interesting things for those of us who were worth interesting. He was the first journalist, in fact, to discover that such things as a home, a garden, children and women existed. He felt that all these interests were healthy ones, and he catered for them.

Lord Northcliffe started on this campaign for home journalism when he met my late friend Kennedy Jones and bought the *Evening News*. He perfected his invention when he created the *Daily Mail*. Here is one of the most astonishing achievements of all time. It was a far more important invention than the discovery of petrol or steam. It goes into all our homes every day, it is seen by every member of the family, it tells us of the best and sweetest things of life, and it preaches an abiding gospel of goodwill and fellow service between all classes.

As Lord Northcliffe advocated the British home in times of peace, so did he defend it during the horrors of war. Having acquired a controlling editorial interest in the *Times*, and restored a decadent and sleepy journal into the most influential newspaper the world possesses, he gave a clarion call to a wobbly Radical Government when the German world-war bomb exploded.

He was defending the British home then and he was defending it until the last moment of a premature Armistice Day. When our soldiers were being murdered on the fields of Flanders for the lack of shells, he exposed the scandal and shouted for those shells, until our boys at the Front were able at last to have a fair and square fight with the German foe. He realised also that it was impossible for Britain to win the war with an Asquith Ministry. I know that Mr. Lloyd George believes to this day that he, himself, was instrumental in changing that Ministry. He was not.

This is not the only delusion from which our Prime Minister suffers. It was Lord Northcliffe, and Lord Northcliffe alone, who forced the Asquith group from power, because his genius and fighting spirit realised that they were incapable of dealing with the highly organised German menace. He made Mr. Lloyd George Prime Minister because he believed that the little Welshman was anxious to win the war and was eager to put his heart and soul into the job. Mr. Lloyd George has not proved himself too grateful to Lord Northcliffe, and by his ingratitude has lost his most powerful supporter in the world. If it had not been for a little peevish and petty vanity when the Prime Minister went to the precious Versailles Peace Council, Mr. Lloyd George would to-day be enjoying the support of this most powerful fellow countryman, and, incidentally, Britain might be enjoying a very different peace than the one which we are at present asked to endure. A man of Napoleonic virtues, Lord Northcliffe has naturally all the faults of his qualities. He is inclined to make a demi-god of any one whose capacities have engaged his admiration. He is also inclined to make a fetish out of an idea which appeals to him at the moment. I remember him, for instance, walking me round the Fountain Court in the Temple until I was dizzy, whilst he was explaining why Lord Haig was the greatest soldier in the world.

Lord Northcliffe was wrong in this view, but he was certainly right in seeing that Lord Haig was protected from the back-stairs conspiracies of Downing Street and was allowed to maintain a proper control over our armies on the Western Front. He was unwittingly unjust to Lord Kitchener, whom he never understood. But if one remembers any such faults as these it is only to leaven the gratitude one feels towards Lord Northcliffe for his mighty and magnificent services to the Empire in its hour of terrible need.

He is the greatest journalist who ever lived. He is also one of the Empire's greatest sons.

OUT THIS WEEK.

A BUMPER BUDGET of Songs & Dances

£50 IN DANCE PRIZES. Particulars from PALAIS de DANSE, HAMMERSMITH

THE "John Bull" Song and Dance Annual is the greatest hit of the season. It contains 16 star songs sung by star singers—eight up-to-date dances and the chorus of "Whispering"—magnificent value for 1s. 6d.

Look out for the attractive 4 coloured cover on the bookstalls and be sure to get your copy *early*.

Songs sung by Harry Lauder, George Robey, Harry Weldon, Harry Champion, Jack Pleasants, Charles Whittle, Austin Rudd, Stewart Morton, Delysia, Hetty King, Phyllis Dare, Margaret Bannerman, Daisy Dormer, Rosey Reys, Doris Ashton, Dollie & Billie.

JOHN BULL SONG & DANCE ANNUAL

64 pages—opens flat 1/6

Published by the Proprietors of "John Bull."

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

Mrs. Wintringham, M.P. for Louth.

DEAR MRS. WINTRINGHAM,—Congratulations on your "maiden" speech. I am sorry that circumstances over which I had no control prevented my being present to hear it; but on all hands it seems to be agreed that it was just what was to be expected from a British-born woman—homely, modest and sincere. I hope to have the privilege of meeting you at the next meeting of the present, or the first session of the next Parliament, and personally to tender you my respectful felicitations and good wishes.

JOHN BULL.

To Captain Viscount Curzon, House of Commons.

DEAR "DIE-HARD,"—You shock me, and fill me with sorrow. That you, the scion of a noble stock, should arise in the House of Commons, after an answer by a Minister of the Crown, and exclaim: "How much longer have we to put up with this damned nonsense"?—causing the ribald to rock with uproarious laughter, and making the Speaker's every hair stand on end—is, indeed, surprising. Besides, such a question would nonplus anybody. A prophet is not without honour save in his own country and in his own house, but who is the M.P., Speaker or other, who shall say, in answer to your question, when this damned nonsense *is* going to end? We are all sick and tired of it; but though we may long for the advent of real Business Government, the dawn still seems afar.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Carlyon, Chairman of Magistrates, Wealdstone, Middlesex.

SIR,—You had recently before you Charles Brown, aged 54, a labourer who had tramped from Leicester to London in search of work, sleeping by the roadside in this bleak weather, a prey to frost and hunger. Frantic with starvation, half-delirious with his privations, this poor fellow entered a grocer's shop, and "stole" two tins of salmon, then went straight to the Police Station and surrendered himself—for the sake, we may assume, of a night's lodging. On his appearance before you next morning you first asked the absurd question, "had he looked for work," and then in face of the above facts, made the cruel and unfounded observation that he could easily have obtained it if he had tried. Sir, you force me to the conclusion that there would be fewer Browns—if there were fewer Carlyons.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Rose Newman, New Cross Road, Stoughton, Surrey.

DEAR MADAM,—It was your fortune the other day to see an old man named Frederick Sparrow brutally ill-treating a sheep by dragging it along the road, and repeatedly stamping on its face. As brave as you are kind, you promptly intervened, and, since the cowardly bully merely insulted you and continued his callous cruelty, you eventually reported him to the authorities. As a result he was convicted, fined and reprimanded. For this courageous action you were publicly thanked by the Mayor. Pray let me add my word of praise to what has already been said.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Charles Henry Archer, Colchester.

DEAR OLD SPORT,—Sorry you had that unpleasant little experience at the Assizes the other day. It is no light thing for a man of 60 odd, a retired coal merchant and ex-borough Councillor to boot, to have to stand his trial for indecently assaulting a young girl, and I daresay you were quite as glad as I am when you were found not guilty and acquitted. The whole episode, however, goes to show that elderly men are wise to keep their kisses to themselves and their paws off pretty girls. What sometimes is accepted from youth as a joke, from age is deemed an insult. Another time, if you feel you *must* kiss, kiss the kitchen cat. A scratch is better than a criminal charge.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. F. G. Kellaway, M.P., Postmaster-General.

SIR,—You are no doubt aware, or if not you ought to be, that the present high postal rates are playing the devil with commerce. The printing trade in particular is feeling the draught, and through firms reducing the number of their catalogues and circulars many compositors have been driven into the ranks of the unemployed. The present charges virtually amount to a tax on advertising, which is the soul of industrial life, and the disposition of business men to avoid it has resulted in a tremendous loss of trade. It has been computed that a return to the half-penny postage would mean many thousands a year in increased wages. What that implies just now I need not dwell upon. Let me urge you to press these considerations upon your colleagues in the Ministry with all possible energy.

JOHN BULL.

To "Sir" Thomas William Knight, Ramsgate.

DEAR "SIR,"—It was a quaint conceit of your parents to bestow on you, as the first of your baptismal names, the prefix proper to one who has attained the honour of knighthood; but truly, young though you are, you are living up to it. On three separate occasions during the last five months, by your courage and promptitude in diving to the rescue, you have saved a child from death by drowning. Sir, you are indeed a most gallant Knight. Would it were in my power to give you the accolade! I should do so with much pleasure.

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor C. H. Cartwright, J.P., Mayor of Bournemouth.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—In any case, it was hard lines to sentence a young man out of a job to 14 days' hard labour on a charge of "sleeping out without visible means of subsistence." What is more, the police evidence in the case—that of Harold Butt—showed that he "had a shilling in his possession." He not only had it, but the policeman who arrested him told the Court that he had seen it. Consequently the offence for which Butt was charged was entirely disproved, and your sentence of 14 days' hard labour was for a "crime" of which he could not even technically be guilty. So consider yourself reported as unfit for duty.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. H. E. Williams, of Tidworth Football Club.

SIR,—It is such as you who bring discredit upon sport in general by your inability to "play the game." The referee was 20 minutes late owing to a defective railway service, and was already in bad odour with the spectators. When he ignored an appeal of yours from the field you played upon this ill-will by protesting to the onlookers that he didn't know the game. You were cautioned, used bad language, and were ordered off the field; after which you flew at the official, seized him by the neck and hit him in the face. When summoned you did the only decent thing you could do in apologising, and you were lucky to escape by paying the costs and doctor's fee. Until you learn to control your temper, please confine yourself to marbles or tiddleywinks. It will be far better for you to do so.

JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Small comfort 'tis, when one's been had,
Or when the state of things is bad,
To hear some foolish, fatuous cuss
Declare that "things might ha' been wuss."

The final fragments of our Force
In France and Flanders come across:
To the Tricolour wave adieu,
Then turn the Dover cliffs to view!

Next month all London may prepare
To see the penny tramway fare:
One fact this cutting will betray—
The charge three ha'pence doesn't pay!

The whole world's fixed its eyes upon
The Conference at Washington:
May it succeed in its intent—
To wit: World-wide disarmament!

The most astounding bargain ever offered! See "JOHN BULL" Pen announcement on page 14.

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "THE WAYFARER."

The King and Racing.

The statement that the King's horses are likely to be transferred to a much smaller establishment than Egerton House does not necessarily mean that His Majesty's interest in racing is on the wane, for it is extremely likely that some of the King's horses will be found taking part in events under National Hunt Rules this winter. His Majesty has also entered several yearlings for the classic races of 1923. Who knows, we may yet have the privilege of cheering another Ambush in the Grand National, and another Minoru in the Derby.

Isaac Francois Strydom.

After Husky was recently defeated by Bridge of Weir at Lincoln, many severe criticisms were made about I. Strydom, the beaten jockey, when he came to weigh in. Strydom had every reason to feel offended at the remarks made, for he rides his winner on the course and not on the stand. Strydom was unknown to English racegoers until the Kempton meeting in June last year, when he won the Queen's Handicap on Happy Man. Then everybody sat up and wanted to know who this Isaac François was, and it turned out that Happy Man's rider was one of South Africa's crack jockeys.

A Splendid Record.

A South African of Dutch descent, Strydom had a splendid record for twelve years in Africa, where he rode the winners of all the big races. He then came to England and was attached to Hogg's stable, and after his success on Happy Man at Kempton he won the Ascot Stakes on the same horse, in addition to riding 29 other winners. This year, Strydom has again met with a fair share of success.

H. Wragg's First Royal Victory.

There are many "rags" of race-horses, but there is only one Wragg among our jockeys, and nobody was more pleased with the victory of Will Somers in the Ormonde Plate at Newbury than Harry, for it was the first time he had won a race for the King. Wragg is without doubt one of the most capable apprentices riding to-day. Long ago he lost his claim to the 5 lb. allowance. Originally apprenticed to J. R. Renwick, the Malton trainer, Wragg's indentures were afterwards transferred to R. W. Colling at Newmarket. Last season he rode 20 winners, and this year his tally is well over 30, his victories including Santaquest in the Wokington Stakes.

From Father to Son.

The little apprentices, F. L. Bullock and A. Higgs, are proving worthy sons of respected fathers, and both have evidently inherited much of their relations' cleverness in the saddle. So long as Bullock, jun., and Higgs, jun., are able to don the pigskin, the exploits in the saddle of Frank *père* and Billy *père* will remain fresh in our memories.

Steve is Still Donoghue.

Rumour merchants are requested to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest that the Mr. W. de Pledge-Steve Donoghue bubble was effectually burst at Newbury recently when, while a spectator of the racing, Mr. de Pledge was suddenly taken ill and left the course, and Donoghue later in the day rode the winner, North Waltham, in the Autumn Handicap.

England's Amateur Captain.

When professional footballers unite to ask for the appointment of an amateur as captain, it is one of the highest compliments he can be paid. That is the experience of Max Woosnam, Manchester City's captain and centre half and England's captain in the amateur international against Ireland. Woosnam, who has an appointment with Crossley's, the gas engine people, got his Blue at Cambridge for soccer, golf and lawn tennis and was twelfth man in cricket. He captained the British Isles Davis Cup Team in America against Australasia and is a magnificent fellow, physically and mentally. His father is a clergyman.

Scotsmen in English Cup Final.

A correspondent takes exception to a remark in this column that if Chelsea had more pace and less pure skill they would do better. I admit that Blackburn Rovers have eight Scotsmen in their books, and Newcastle United have seven, and that Bradford City's Cup Final team of 1911 was composed of eight Scotsmen, two Englishmen and an Irishman. But exceptions only help to prove a rule. Here is Chelsea's international "blend": England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Denmark—a football *pot pourri*.

The Hyper-Sensitive Pro.

If professional footballers were a little less sensitive to criticism they would do themselves better justice. A little while ago we had Cantrell hiding his football talent behind a smoke cloud directed at the crowd. Now Mosscrop of Burnley and Roberts of Preston are complaining of "waning popularity." These matters should be left to directors, while the player gets on with his job. And some crowds might with advantage be better behaved.

New Sports Stadium.

Before the New Year a start will have been made with the big exhibition ground at Wembley Park, part of which will be a huge Sports Stadium, where the F.A. Cup Final of 1923 will be played. The plans of the oval sports arena are so prepared that 140,000 people will be able to see happenings on the football field and surrounding track without interruption. It will be infinitely better than the Crystal Palace ground, both for comfort and convenience.

The Ostrich Again.

Here is a paradox—and a typically British one. If Kid Lewis beats Boy McCormick on the 17th inst., McCormick will have to return his Lonsdale cruiserweight belt, though the N.S.C.—and the British Board of Control—will not recognise Lewis as Champion at the weight! Will the Board write to itself at the Club and say so?

A Lesson to be Learned.

A recent contest in London where a middleweight could have finished his opponent in the second round but let him go fifteen, is another instance of the folly of adopting a cat-and-mouse policy "for the sake of the show." The public don't want that sort of thing; they would rather have a workmanlike display, however quickly the end came, any day. To do otherwise is to bespatter the reputation of victor and vanquished, and it pleases nobody.

Money in "Heavies."

It is astonishing, when you think of it, that there is so much money in heavyweights. Promoters of shows which have been languishing have only to bill a contest between good-class heavies, and they have to scour the district for extra seats. Yet from the purely scientific point of view, one out of every five bouts between big men is a "dud," whereas flyweights and bantamweights almost always give value for money.

Albert Lloyd Wants Work.

Albert Lloyd, the Australian cruiser-weight, has not had a chance to show his paces in this country yet, but we shall know something about him next Monday after his bout with Arthur Townley at the N.S.C. Charlie Lucas has such a good opinion of Lloyd that he has offered to put down £250 to back him against Marcel Nilles, the French Champion. But Lucas insists that purse, stake and referee should all be English.

Carpentier and Cook.

Those people who regard Carpentier as a speedy winner when he meets George Cook, the Australian heavyweight, in London on December 8, should be careful how they back their opinion with their money. Cook is quicker than either Joe Beckett or Billy Wells. He has a magnificent cover and is light on his feet. Carpentier should win, but it will take time.

Yorkshire Middleweights.

Roland Todd, the Doncaster middleweight, has such an exceptional record that he is a probable candidate for championship honours in the near future. Meanwhile, Gus Platts, of Sheffield, is returning here from America, and would like to meet Todd before going back again. Platts and Todd should set Yorkshire on fire.

A Mixed Bag.

The smart two-year-old Risen Again is a striking example of the luck attached to the buying of bloodstock. This gelding cost Mr. Shaw only 55 guineas, as a yearling, and after his Newbury success he was sold for 1,000 guineas. The three-year-old Gauntley, who cost Mr. J. Watson 6,300 guineas two years ago, has won nothing!

A peculiar incident occurred at the recent Liverpool Meeting. Tullabeg was advertised on the card to be sold, and after being knocked down for 200 guineas it was discovered that the horse actually sold was Major Weyland's Gleneskaki. The matter was put right, and Tullabeg eventually went to Mr. McGuigan for 150 guineas. It's a wise owner who knows his own racehorse!

The Dean of Manchester is the right sort. He says boxing is one of the finest sports in existence. His name is McCormick, and he is proud of it. He says he is anxious to meet the "Boy."

Apropos of goalkeepers' long service records, Jerry Dawson, Burnley's custodian, is in his fourteenth season with the club.

If a Second Division professional wins the billiards Championship, will Inman treat it with "dignified silence"?

Roland Todd is getting into line for the Middleweight belt. If he beats Shoeing-smith Davis at the Club, next month, he will have a chance of meeting Kid Lewis.

The England v. The North Rugby Trial game is to be played at Manchester on December 3.

A Good Tip! Get a "JOHN BULL" Pen. "JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon on page 14.

WAKEFORD AN

Fresh Evidence of Conspiracy—Widespread

By THE ASSIST

WITH a liberality which I much appreciate, the Editor has this week placed these two pages at my disposal for a purpose which I am sure commands the ardent sympathy of a large and growing section of the British public. Nine months ago, the Rev. John Wakeford, then Archdeacon of Stow and Precentor of Lincoln Cathedral, was convicted by an Ecclesiastical Court upon a charge as serious as any which can assail the reputation of a clergyman. In blunt parlance, it was alleged and held to be established, that he had on two separate occasions spent the night with a woman other than his wife at the Bull Hotel, Peterborough. In the ordinary way, the affair would have been a nine days' wonder, a sensation of the moment, a scandal of the hour. The circumstances of the case, however, were not ordinary, and from the outset of the proceedings, which culminated in the expulsion of the Archdeacon of Stow from his benefices in the Church of England, their unique character was strongly impressed upon the public mind. It is impossible to understand this case without reference to the strongly-marked personality of its central figure. I can write of Mr. Wakeford to-day with greater confidence than I could six months ago, when, to me, he was an entire stranger, and there are certain conclusions I have formed in regard to his character which I want to set down in black and white. These impressions of mine have a sharp and pertinent relation to the question of his guilt or innocence of the charge of adultery. It is no flattering picture that I intend to draw, but rather to depict the man as Lely was asked to paint Cromwell—"warts and all." Beneath the suave exterior of the priest I detect a certain intolerance of spirit, a ruthless zeal that flings discretion to the winds in the pursuit of its fixed aims. That in the course of his career Mr. Wakeford has made countless friends speaks volumes for those deeper qualities of the spirit which are of more lasting import than the accidental traits of demeanour. On the other hand, I do not wonder that he has made enemies, and am not surprised to find, as I explore the ramifications of this remarkable case, that the trail of their unresting malice is to be discovered at every turn.

An Amazing Letter.

It is with a due sense of the seriousness of what I am saying that I record my settled conviction, based not upon idle rumour but upon evidence of the strongest kind, that this man has been the victim of a savage vendetta recking naught of scruple in the pursuit of its vicious ends. Obviously, the matter is one in which a public man must proceed warily step by step, testing the ground in advance, and allowing no unguarded word to mar the prospects of an inquiry that promises the most piquant revelations. But I have a duty to others than myself, and especially to a woman who, while she has not figured prominently in this case, is to me a sheet anchor of faith in the innocence of the ex-Archdeacon. I refer to Mrs. Wakeford, whose unshaken belief in her husband's fidelity is a thing not to be spoken of in terms other than those of deep sympathy and respect. I want to tread delicately here, but I wish I could convey to those whose cheap pleasure it is to scoff lightly at what in any event is a pitiable tragedy, some sense of the domestic atmosphere that prevails in the home of the Wakefords. If the circumstances were entirely normal, and no breath of suspicion had ever attached to this clergyman's character, one might envy him the wealth of affection which as father and husband it has been his good fortune to inspire. Perhaps I cannot better summarise this aspect of the situation than by recalling an incident to which, as far as I know, Mr. Wakeford has only once made public reference since the decision of the Law Lords was announced. It was at the close of the proceedings before the Judicial Committee and the judgment of the Lord Chancellor had made it known that the Appeal Board was unwilling to reverse the fateful decision of the Consistory Court. The news had to be broken to Mrs. Wakeford, waiting at home for the judgment that was either to rehabilitate her husband in the world's esteem or to expose her to the pity of her neighbours as the wife of a man who had forgotten his marriage vows. It was the Archdeacon himself who sent the telegram containing the fatal news, and it simply said this: "We have lost the case, but you are yourself and I am content." In moments of confidence Mr. Wakeford has told me how his wife greeted him with a smile as usual and a loving gesture which for him outweighed the mocking censure of the world. From that day to this, the smile has never been absent, and in view of the wonderful courage this simple-hearted woman has displayed, I can do no other than respect her wish that certain inquiries having a direct and practical bearing upon the episodes at Peterborough early this year should be made through the medium of this journal. That the ex-Archdeacon has been the victim of hostile machinations Mrs. Wakeford is as convinced as I am. It is a cruel accident which finds her involved in the fierce storms of enmity which in the past few months have assailed her husband. If the time should come when these fast multiplying threads of suspicion can be woven into a chain of evidence, Mrs. Wakeford will play her part, and meanwhile she desires me to give publicity to the following letter, bearing the Nottingham postmark, and received by her not long after the judgment of the Judicial Committee. The "Canon" referred to is, of course, Mr. Wakeford, who was a Canon of Lincoln Cathedral, while the other name, withheld only until proofs are complete, is that of an individual who has borne a not inconspicuous part in the chain of events leading up to the present day. Otherwise I give the letter in full:—

> DEAR MRS. WAKEFORD,—I am very sorry indeed to hear of the grief ——— has brought upon you and the Canon. I cannot give any particulars of the movements of the Canon on the dates mentioned, but I can say this. I was away three times last year, staying at different hotels with ———, and he said he was planning to destroy the Canon's reputation. When I told

Oft at the portal of the Hall
Has John Bull knocked in vain

...ND HIS WIFE.

...ad Public Agitation—A Petition to the King.

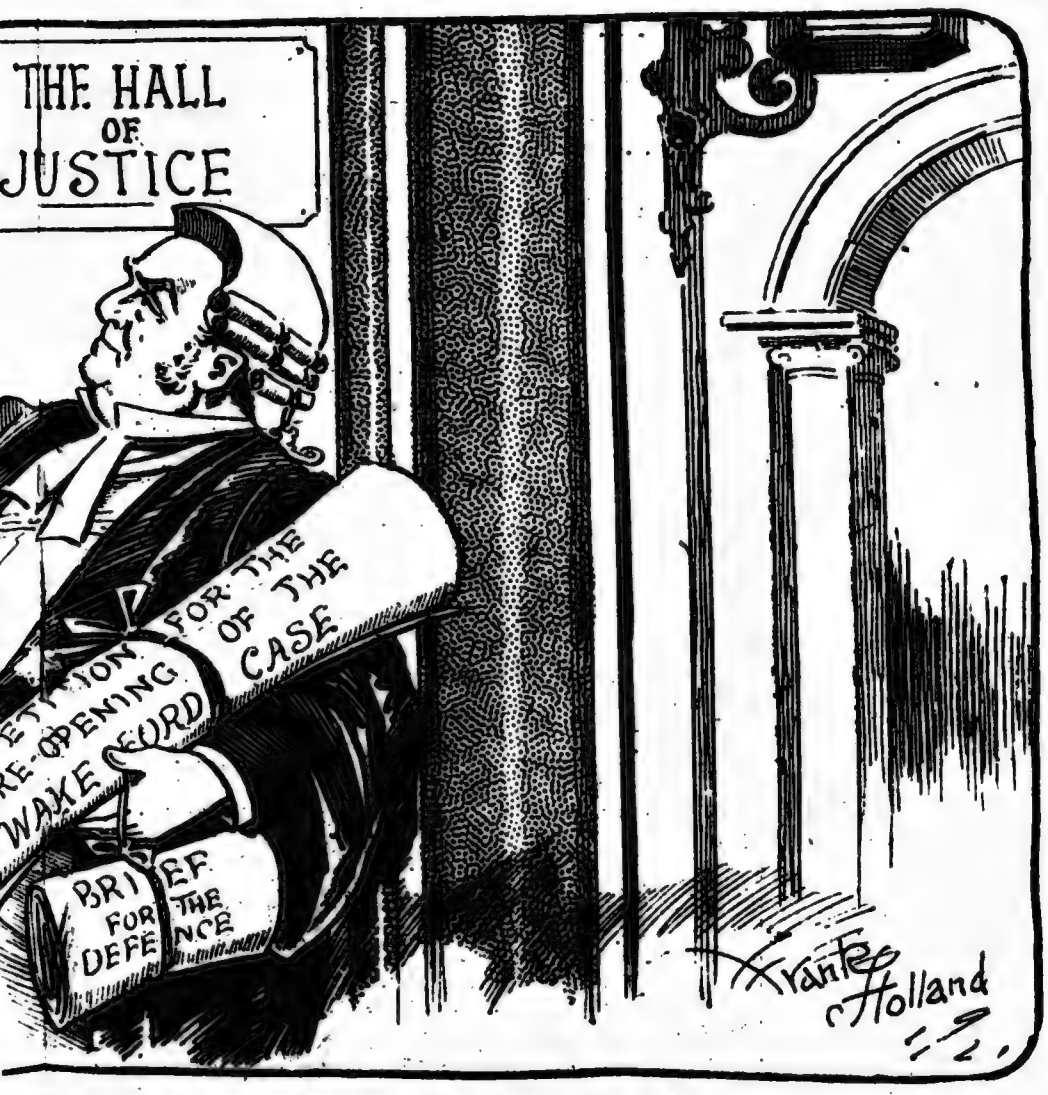
...SISTANT EDITOR.

him what a dirty dog he was, he said he was only getting his own back. We had a quarrel and I have not seen him since November.

Yours respectfully, ————.

——— is a decent chum while he can have all he wants, but once rubbed the wrong way he is a perfect devil. I was once frightened of him, but I am not now. I am surprised at the evidence being taken from such a man. I thought he was a widower intending to marry me.

Obviously, it is desirable that this remarkable clue should, if possible, be expanded in order that as much light as possible may be thrown on the underlying circumstances of this extraordinary affair, and I therefore publicly invite the writer of the above letter, or any other person who can offer any assistance in the matter, to communicate in confidence with Mrs. Wakeford, at Pole Steeple, Biggin Hill, Kent. If it should prove necessary, I shall not hesitate to publish the letter in *facsimile* and without the suppression of the name. It is vital that the sinister air of mystery which surrounds this case should be dissipated, and that the puppets who have hitherto figured as prosecutors should be replaced by the true architects of a design which has too successfully imposed upon the Courts. And now I want to say a word or two about the broader aspects of the situation, and to reinforce the application which has been made to the Privy Council for a further investigation in the light of the additional evidence which has been made available since the close of the proceedings before the Judicial Committee. I shall be told, perhaps, that there is no precedent for such a re-hearing, but that may be because the circumstances of this case have never been paralleled in the legal annals of this country,



But Justice yet shall heed the call
And ope the door again!

and if this be so, it may be necessary to create a precedent. It is pleasant to record the fact that this view is gradually being accepted by the leading organs of the Press, and that mine is no longer "a voice crying in the wilderness" on behalf of this much-injured man. Most heartily I welcome the publicity of such journals as *The Nation* and *The Westminster Gazette*—remote as their political views may be from my own—and in view of the importance of the matter, I venture to re-emphasise the following quotation from Mr. Massingham's ably-conducted journal:—

> I think the public will soon have to make up their minds that they have not heard the last of the Wakeford case, and that the growing desire for a re-hearing cannot be denied much longer. . . . There is a considerable volume of new evidence, which seems to indicate not only that the Archdeacon was a witness of truth, but that the case against him was even more fragile of texture than the Lord Chancellor's by no means unhesitating judgment showed it to be.

With much cogency the writer goes on to ask "what remains of a badly-flawed case," and whether indeed there is "anything of substance left." Anything better, shall I say, than the half-remembered tittle-tattle of country chambermaids, the sadly-damaged testimony of ill-kept and slovenly hotel registers, and the panic-stricken improvisations of policemen? Is there anything left upon which any person with a mind worth mentioning can continue to base the belief that this esteemed dignitary of the Church so far forgot his past and his future as to visit a prominent hotel in the next diocese to his own in the company of a chance acquaintance of the streets, and there parade his adultery before the eyes of a sniggering public? This, remember, is what we are invited to believe of a man whose name is held in veneration in every parish in which he has ever worked, and to whom thousands of men and women throughout the country still look as their spiritual guide, philosopher, and friend. Believe it let those who can. I do not envy them, and in consultation with the friends of the ex-Archdeacon I am endeavouring to devise a scheme through which his countless sympathisers may be enabled to make their voices heard. Meanwhile, there are three committees of clergy working in different parts of the country, and at a meeting of the London Committee, held a few days ago and addressed at length by Mr. Wakeford, it was unanimously decided to draw up a petition to be signed by the clergy of every diocese and presented to the King. In these circumstances, it was with the approval of JOHN BULL that the full story of the "Girl in the Cathedral" was published in the last issue of the *Sunday Express*.

A Popular Petition.

But why not a people's petition? This is not a question which concerns the clergy alone. It is a matter of vital import to every citizen—for if, as I firmly hold, Mr. Wakeford is an injured man, he has been wronged in the sacred name of justice, which is the common concern of all. I am glad, therefore, to know that I have a large section of the clergy with me in the desire to give the public an opportunity of placing on record their dissatisfaction with the circumstances of Mr. Wakeford's conviction, and, if they choose, their unabated confidence in his integrity. If in this way an unmistakable expression of public opinion were obtained—as I have not the least doubt it would be—I do not see how the authorities could longer resist a demand which arises out of the deep devotion of the British people to those principles of equity which, enshrined in the Common Law of England, are part of our proud heritage of citizenship. If this man is to ask in vain for justice, then surely the public, without distinction of sect or Party, will demand with stern insistence to know the reason why.

[*NOTE.—In view of the likelihood that such a petition will shortly be opened for public signature, and of the great enthusiasm attending recent meetings throughout the country, it should be stated that during the next few weeks the Rev. John Wakeford will be prepared to speak, afternoon or evening, at any centre in London or the Suburbs, in connection with the famous films bearing his name—or with a specially-prepared set of lantern slides. Mr. W. Charles Tilley, as far as his arrangements will permit, will preside at the meetings. Particulars may be had on application to the Chief Commissioner, at the Offices of* JOHN BULL, *93, Long Acre, London, W.C.*]

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ALFRED MOND, M.P.

OO' mornin'. Sir Alfred. Glad to see you lookin' so well. The Ministry of 'Ealth seems to soot yer. Wot kin I 'ave the pleasure? . . . *'Air trim?* With pleasure. I think this chair'll soot your shape as well as any. Thank you. . . . *'Ow did I 'appen to know yer?* Well, sir, awsk yerself the question—or, rawther, awsk the mirror in front of yer. It ain't a case of "W'ere 'ave I seen thet face before?" It strikes you at once; becos I reckon your dial—I beg pawdon—your features 'ave bin shown up in the papers pritty near as much as any public man's the lawst few years. You've 'eld so many Guv'ment jobs, you see, an' you've bin a fair godsend to the artists wot draws caricatures for the press. . . .

* * *

Wot are you going to do about the impure milk question, Sir Alfred? I didn't think your reply to Mr. Gould, M.P., was very satisfactory. You sed, if you remember, that the danger to 'ealth from infected milk was by no means so great as was suggested, or as would be the case if appre'ensions on this point led to any appreciable decrease in the consumption of milk, 'specially among children. I don't do much in the milk line meself. A tablespoonful laced with 'arf-a-quartern o' rum on a cold mornin' ain't so bad; but thet—barrin' a drop in me tea—is about as fur as I goes as a rule. But I don't feel altogether easy about *thet* even, arfter readin' about the bloomin' menagery of savage microbes wot it contains! . . . Oh, you're *inquirin'* into it, are yer? *Meantime, you don't want it talked about, because it might scare the people from using it?* You're arguin' the wrong way up, ain't you, Sir Alfred? Shorely, the more the people talk about a dangerous grievance, an' the more scared they git about it, the sooner it's likely to be remedied, ain't it? To tell yer the truth, sir, I've bin scared o' milk for years—ever since I stayed with some friends o' mine down in the country. There was a little farm there wot we got our milk from, an' I saw 'ow the cows wos kep', an' 'ow they was milked. The bloke wot milked 'em 'ad a chronic cold, an' wore a pair o' trousers wot might 'ave belonged to a sewerman wot 'ad bin down the drains without 'is 'igh leggin's. One cowman wot they 'ad used to put on a clean apron before 'e started milkin', an' washed 'is hands'. But the farmer's daughter soon stopped thet, sayin' there wasn't no time for sich nonsense! So you kin guess wot the milk was like sometimes. I seen the full pails 'ung up on the cow-'ouse wall, outside in the sun, with all the farmyard dust blowin' into it. . . . *Did we strain it?* O' course we strained it. We got the straw and the dung out all right; but you carn't strain microbes through a sieve, w'en there's somethink like a couple o' millions to the drop, can you?

* * *

It ain't so much the big, 'ygienic dairies wot wants lookin' arfter as some o' these little, remote, dirty little farms wot sends up a churn or two a day for London kids to drink. . . . It ain't for you to say "'ush!" Sir Alfred. You're Minister of 'Ealth, an' we looks to you to give the public the purest milk possible. . . . 'Ow will thet soot yer, sir? Good. I'm much obliged. Goo'-day, sir—thank you! . . .

EXTRA TURNS.

BY PUBLIC PATTERERS.

MR. WILL JOHN, M.P.

I'm William John, the Rhondda man
Who lately made a blunder, man,
And raised the House's dander, man,
To an uncommon height;
With anger all sat looking red—
The Speaker wagged his reverend head,
And all because 'twas *said* I said
Some Members come up tight!

The Commons is a funny place,
And, when displeased, not nice to face—
It makes you feel you're in disgrace
And half inclined to bunk:
So take my tip—if you should be
Some day elected an M.P.,
Don't say—whatever sights you see—
That Members come up drunk!

PATTER: I tell you, you've got to be careful when you make an attack on Members of the House of Commons! Touchy lot! But did you ever read a cleverer apology than mine—what? If you did, I should like to know whose it was. Did you notice how I put it? I said I was very much surprised at the publicity that had been given to the statement which I made, or was supposed to have made. I neither admitted nor denied it—see? Ha, ha! Trust a Welshman to trim his sails. I went on to say that I very much regretted that anything I might have said or publicly stated should have created in the House such resentment. Then there were cries of "Oh!"—and I'm not surprised. I was saying "Oh!" to myself, all the time. And I called it a House of which I was proud to be a Member! Ha, ha, ha! Of course, I had a sly dig at the Press. Who doesn't when he gets the chance? I didn't say the report was right, and I was equally careful not to say it was wrong. I merely said I didn't want to enter into a quarrel with the Press. Well, who does? Anybody might have said that. Then I played my trump card. I turned on the tap, so to speak. I asked the House to believe me that the report did not accurately convey what was in my mind at the time. I took care not to say what really *was* in my mind. See? Ha, ha! And they rose to the bait, like the most inexperienced gudgeons. Then I withdrew the statement to which reference had been made. Well, I couldn't very well withdraw what I hadn't said, could I? But the House didn't seem to notice that little point. And I finished by conveying to the Chair my sincere and unqualified apologies. Ho, ho, ho! What a game! A man doesn't usually apologise for what he hasn't done, does he? Anyhow, my apology was accepted, and here am I, still—

William John, the Rhondda man,
Who lately made a blunder, man,
And raised the House's dander, man,
To an uncommon height;
So take my tip, if you should be
Someday elected an M.P.
Don't say—whatever sights you see—
That Members come up tight!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"SUNDAY CHRONICLE":—"Bolton had . . . their defence to blame for defeat by Birmingham. It was seldom convincing, and THE ATMOSPHERE seemed charged with anxiety EVERY TIME THE MIDLANDERS APPROACHED IT."

"PEOPLE'S JOURNAL":—"They had no light, save AN OCCASIONAL BOTTLE STUCK INTO A CANDLE."

"WOMAN'S WEEKLY":—"He . . . heard ALL THE STRANGE CRIES AND SOUNDS that came from a sort of GHOSTLIKE SILENCE in the streets."

"THE CAPTAIN":—"His DRY LIPS LICKED HIS SWOLLEN TONGUE."

"UNION JACK LIBRARY":—"The time was EXACTLY three-thirty—ALL BUT TWENTY SECONDS!"

"DAILY MAIL":—"A dozen or so prisoners . . . were wearily pacing the circumference of the inmost ring, DRAGGING THEIR FEET BEHIND THEM."

"HOME MIRROR":—"She SLAMMED the door GENTLY."

"BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO":—"For Sale, Three BAR FRAME BEE HIVES WITH SECTION BOXES, a Gas Cooker and Gas Fire; SUITABLE FOR SITTING-ROOM."

"BRIXTON FREE PRESS" (advertisement):—"PRAM for sale, burr walnut, good condition, UPRIGHT, IVORY KEYS."

"ISLE OF THANET GAZETTE" (advertisement):—"Wanted a GOOD OLD LADY'S Mantle."

"CHESTER OBSERVER":—"Mr. ——— indicated some of the ECONOMIES that may be practised in gardens, which are frequently overlooked. The BULK OF GARDEN PRODUCE, for instance, was capable of being BURNT."

"EVENING NEWS":—"Mr. —— would far rather talk of . . . the meetings for BROKEN MEN AND WOMEN WHICH WERE OPENED AND CLOSED WITH CUPS OF TEA AND FOOD."

"TIVERTON GAZETTE":—"A cow with a LITTER OF 13 . . . has since had litters of 14, 18, 13 and 10."

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

It is well-known amongst advertisers that we refuse thousands of pounds' worth of advertising offered for the columns of JOHN BULL because it cannot be covered by our guarantee. A glance through our pages will make this evident. JOHN BULL was the first of the big papers to take this step; it is as beneficial to our advertisers as to our readers.

Here are some of the interesting items in the advertisement pages:—

Home Brothers—guaranteed all-leather boots, leather-lined, at 12s. 6d. per pair, postage 1s. extra; boys' boots, similar quality, 10s. 6d. post free.

Sartor Manufacturing Co.—men and women's raincoats for 20s., carriage paid. Patterns, style book, etc., sent free. Also ladies' waterproof hat at 5s. 6d.

John Needham.—school boots, all leather, at 7s. 6d. a pair.

C. Wilson—a good, demi-hunter watch for 21s., post paid.

Cow and Gate Milk—free samples are offered (see front cover).

D. Barnett & Co.—good quality men's boots for 17s. 9d. a pair, post free.

Wilford's, Ltd.—prizes are offered in connection with a new musical jigsaw puzzle.

Curzon Brothers—three very cut lines in men's clothing—overcoats, 32s. 6d.; trench coats, 21s.; and trousers at 10s. per pair.

Kingston Toy and Novelty Co.—a prize competition to advertise their toys. All entrants will receive a catalogue.

Many other interesting offers are made by our advertisers, some of which will be found in the "Small Ads. Worth Watching," on page 19.

You are entitled to a "JOHN BULL" Pen. See coupon on page 14.

£100

FOR SIX WORDS OR LESS

500 Free Toys!

FASCINATING CONTEST.—IT COSTS NOTHING TO ENTER.

Somebody who reads this announcement will win the splendid sum of £100 for a few minutes' thought! Perhaps *YOU* will be the lucky reader. Why not?

THE KINGSTON TOY AND NOVELTY COMPANY has a stock of more than 30,000 delightful Toys, Games, Puzzles, Tricks, and Novelties of all descriptions, bought for ready cash at much less than the cost of manufacture because of widespread slackness of trade.

These Toys and Novelties are marvellous value for money, and are exactly what is wanted to make this Christmas the happiest and jolliest the children (and grown-ups) have ever known. To get its Bargain Catalogue into thousands of houses right away, the Kingston Toy and Novelty Company is holding this simple yet fascinating contest, and giving a **First Prize of £100 IN CASH, and 500 Special Consolation Prizes of Steam Engines, Steam Rollers, Magic Lanterns, Bugles, Pogo Sticks, Dolls' Houses, Race Games, etc., etc., etc.**

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

To aid the Kingston Toy and Novelty Company in its future advertising, it wishes to get together a number of "slogans"—catchy or witty phrases which will make people remember and ask for Kingston Toys.

To make your phrase, select from this announcement any word or two consecutive words. Then construct a phrase which has some bearing on the word or words selected. The only point you have to watch is that your phrase **must** begin with one of the letters contained in the word or words chosen from this page.

SOME EXAMPLES TO GUIDE YOU.

Here are some actual examples which illustrate exactly what you have to do—

Steam Engines—No wonder Dad's pipe went out.
Pogo Sticks—Children jump for joy.
Kingston Toys—Sure to please boys.
First Prize—Parents proud as Punch.
Novelties—Last as long as childhood.
Puzzles—Perplex people—particularly Papas!

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

The First Prize of £100, of course, will go to the sender of the phrase which has the wittiest bearing on the words selected, **and which has the greatest merit as an advertising "slogan."** The 500 Consolation Prizes of Kingston Toys will be awarded to the senders of the 500 phrases next in order of merit.

Send no money at all. Use the coupon below for your attempt. Be sure you add your name and full address.

THE CLOSING DATE.

All entries for this contest must reach the Kingston Toy and Novelty Company not later than first post December 10. Entries received subsequently will be disqualified. No competitor will receive more than one prize. Entries are accepted only on the distinct understanding that the decision of the proprietors of the Kingston Toy and Novelty Company is final and legally binding.

A CATALOGUE of astounding bargains in strong and beautifully made Toys, Games, Novelties, etc., etc., etc., will be sent post free to every entrant, who will also be advised by post of the result of the contest.

ALL PRIZES WILL BE DESPATCHED BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Come along! Think out your winning phrase and post it **AT ONCE** to—

Phrase Contest (Room 15),
Kingston Toy & Novelty Co.
24, Queen Street, HULL.

FREE ENTRY COUPON.

Kingston Toy & Novelty Company,
PHRASE COMPETITION.

Words Selected .....

Phrase .....

.....

Name .....

Address .....

Please Write Plainly.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE:—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

Army Reserve Training:—We are informed by the War Office that there will be no training for the Army Reserve during 1922-23. May we take this as a "sign and portent" that favourable results are anticipated from the Washington Conference?

Short Rations:—According to what we hear, Oliver Twist was a goose crammed for paté fois gras purposes compared with the C Company R.C.O.S. at Crowborough Camp. How do they keep alive on the rations they mention?

Unhappy!:—The men of the R.A.S.C., M.T., in Limerick, are extremely unhappy owing to their treatment and feeding. If the O.C. does not bring them to a better frame of mind we shall step in. Enough said—for the present.

A Question of Rations:—During the war the fat was extracted from Tommy's meat for munitions purposes. Perhaps it is force of habit that induces the cooks of the School of Signals at Maresfield Park still to extract the fats and serve up the Tommies with three-ply boarding for food, the process throwing work on the doctor and diminishing the supply of No. 9 pills.

We Know It!:—A letter with many signatures comes from Basrah—a cinder heap we are unnecessarily keeping at the expense of the groaning taxpayer. It tells us of the horrors of the desert, the awful heat—the last was Mesopotamia's hottest summer—and the cloying effect of the "bully" ration. Take the lads home.

W.A.A.C.s' War Medals:—It is officially stated that all British War and Victory Medals awarded to members of the Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps are now available for distribution. Those members of the Corps who have not yet received the medals for which they are eligible should apply to The Secretary, War Office, Percy House Schools, Isleworth, Middlesex. Only members of the Corps who served overseas are eligible for these decorations.

Jack's Money:—The following award of salvage money is now ready for distribution—salvage of s.s. *Boveric* by H.M. tug *Francis Baley*, on 30th January, 1918. Prize bounty for the destruction of the undermentioned German submarines is also ready: U61, by H.M.S. P.C.51, 26th March, 1918; U18, by H.M.S. *Garrie* and *Ernie* and H.M. trawler *Dorothy Gray*, on 23rd November, 1914.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From E. F. S., Stepney:—"Please allow me to thank you very heartily for interceding on my behalf regarding the balance of my account, which had been owing for over two years. Since I placed the case in your hands I have been settled within less than three weeks and received my money. Please accept enclosed for your fund."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 98, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

A WOMAN'S PLEA.

DISTRESSING CASE OF A SERVICEMAN'S WIDOW.

To take advantage—to the detriment of his widow—of the unconsidered action of a man who suffered and died in the service of the State, is conduct, as will be admitted on all hands, unworthy of the Authorities. "The letter killeth, but the spirit keepeth alive," is a Scriptural phrase which can be applied with equal truth to some of the regulations governing the payment of pensions and benefits to surviving dependants of men who gave their lives for their country. Late Petty Officer Percy Morris (Marconi Operator), Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, was torpedoed on the *Iberian*, injured by shell-fire on 27th July, 1915, and again torpedoed on the *Killiwaki* in the North Sea, 9th April, 1917. In this last case he had the appalling experience of being buried in his operating room by the explosion. Fortunately, he was subsequently rescued by a destroyer, to which he was conveyed in time to hear his name called as "missing." He was examined by a doctor, who certified him as suffering from serious heart and nerve affections—the results of his experiences—and was granted a month's sick leave.

ORDERED TO SEA.

Subsequently, until 18th March, 1918, he was employed on the Marconi Company's shore staff at Liverpool. He was then called upon either to go to sea again, or join the R.N.V.R. On his doctor's advice, he chose the latter, and was attached as Petty Officer to H.M.S. *President*. The vessel sailed from Arbroath to Lowestoft, where P.O. Morris died of bronchial pneumonia, and was laid to rest with full Naval honours. On behalf of herself and child, the widow made application to the Ministry of Pensions for a grant. Unfortunately, however, and because, apparently, he had had no option, her husband on joining the R.N.V.R. had signed an agreement to continue to serve at his then rate of pay, the document which he signed including the words: "I understand that I am excluded from any rights in respect of Naval pay allowances or gratuities or pension for myself or dependants by reason of service, injury, or death." This peculiarly drastic clause has precluded the recognition of all claims by this poor widow. Neither the Pensions Ministry nor the Board of Trade, the London and Liverpool War Risks Insurance Companies' Association nor the Liverpool Roll of Honour Fund, will grant her a penny, because, it seems, hers is a case that does not come "under the Naval or Military Authorities." On the death of her husband, Mrs. Morris fell ill and had to undergo a serious operation. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool interested himself in her case, with the result that the Marconi Company made her a "grant of grace" of £50. That was 15 months ago; and now, lacking adequate nourishment, her recovery is seriously retarded. We have sent her substantial help from our "Greatest of These" Fund.

"SOMETHING ACCOMPLISHED."

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Tramping:—We have nothing for the professional tramp; but, as usual, during the week we were called upon by ex-soldiers—some with their wives and children—who had migrated to London in a vain search for jobs, and consequently found themselves in distress.

Under the Shadow:—A workless man, a more or less invalid wife, and two hungry children make up what may legitimately be called a case of hardship. In this instance there was also a clamouring landlord, who had handed in the dreaded notice to quit a few hours before we sent help.

A Hero's Plight:—When the war drums throbbed in 1914, a man aged 50 donned khaki and did soldier's work. Now he is down with paralysis, his little boy is crippled with a tuberculous spine, and the only support of the home, aged 20, is out of work.

"Think Where He's Been"—A Tommy who fought in France, Saloniko, and Palestine was returned home, and for eight months he has made manly efforts to find employment, but without success. When he called upon us his wife was about to present him with another little item to share the home troubles.

A Family's Distress:—In an advanced state of consumption, and naturally unable to work, a woman has seven children, eldest 14 years, the youngest 17 months. It was a task to keep body and soul together, and the poor woman was in fear of ejectment.

Thanks—and Help:—You remember the two minutes' silence on Friday last for the brave dead? We do not say "heroes," because every decent soldier hates the term. You crowded your prayers and thoughts into two minutes. Will you now, please, again think of the noble dead and help us to relieve the distress of their submerged dependants?

Once More, the "Nippers":—Those young olive branches turning up in the families of our poor appear to be on the increase. They are like the leaves of Vallambrosa. Most of them come into the world with no clothing prepared for them. Perhaps you have a few garments in your drawer that you think you will never need again. If so, send them to us. The postage will not bankrupt you.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

G. S. (Maidenhead), 4s.; M. A. S. (Colwyn Bay), 5s.; G. S. (Wilton), 2s.; "Bushwhacker," 5s. 2d. and parcel; "Sister," 5s.; "Gratias Deo," 5s.; C. E. G. (Edmonton), 1s.; "Wilhelmina Muggins," £5; "W," £1; Anon., 3s.; "Fag," £1; W. J. P. (Reading), 5s.; A. M. (Exhall), 5s.; "Miss Mystery" (Wakefield), 1s.; E. T. S. (Stepney), 5s.; W. W. (Scottow), 2s.; R. M. K., £1; J. D. J. (Reading), 10s.; Anon. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 1s. 2d.; Mrs. E. S. (Chepstow), 5s.; G. L. (York), £1; "Oriel," 2s. 6d.; Mr. H. (Cornhill-on-Tweed), 2s. 6d.; R. S. (S. Africa), £1; Anon. (Derby), 2s. 6d.; T. C. (Rythill), 2s.; "Maude" (Camberwell), 2s.; "Doreen," 3s. 6d.; "Mabel and Allan," 5s.; Mrs. C. S. (Chiswick), 2s. 6d.; A. S. (Sherwood), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Gateshead), £1; A. C. (Maltby), 1s. 6d.; W. W. (Scottow), 1s.; "Sympathiser" (Addiscombe), 2s.; T. S. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; G. E., 6d.; "G. F. M. Thankofferlug," 5s.; "Much Concerned," 2s. 6d.; "Faithful Reader and Bulleteer," (S. Reddish), 4s.; K. R. S., 1s.; J. M. C. (Biggar), 2s. 6d.; T. R., 1s.; "Hopeful" (Haslingden), 6d.; F. R. (Arbroath), 1s. 2d.; F. P., 1s.; T. M. (Innerleithen), 1s.; R. B. C., 2s. 6d.; H. C., 6d.; J. C. (Dorchester), 6d.; S. M. (Watford), 1s. 6d.; T. H. V., 6d.; F. H. B. (Guildford), 2s. 6d.; M. E. (Burnley), 6d.; "Mechanic" (Wrexham), 5s.; Anon. (Bury), £1; "South Ealing Reader," 4s.; Cpl. A. E. W. (Halifax), 3s.; A. F. (Dorset Square), 5s.; J. T. G. (Clonmel), 2s.; "A Widow's Mite," 1s.; Mrs. E. T. (Lurgan), 2s. 6d. and parcel; Mrs. F. W. G. (Hayes End), 1s. 6d.; H. J. (Eastcote), 2s. 6d.; "A Friend," £1; W. H. (Poplar), 6d.; G. C. C. (Glasgow), £1; "Just a Bite," 3d.; "Matt and Elsie," 5s.; W. O., 1s.

a 10/6 Pen for 2/-

From—
Miss D. A. Wilson, 21, Thurlby Road, Leicester.

Extract 10th October, 1921.

"You may be interested to know that I received my existing pen from you in *August, 1917*. I have used it constantly with hose since and it has never given me any trouble. I have always recommended JOHN BULL Pens to my friends, several of whom now possess one and get full possession of same."

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this coupon with P.O. for 2/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "JOHN BULL" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send 7 coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1/3 Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Nov. 19, 1921.*

P.O.s should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

HAD YOUR "JOHN BULL" PEN YET?—IF NOT—DON'T DELAY—SEND TO-DAY.

SORE THROAT IS Infectious

Myridas of virulent infectious germs infest the air of theatres, restaurants, closed and crowded trains and cars, or wherever folk congregate.

These germs are *breathed* into the nostrils, throat and air-tubes; they "fasten-on" to the delicate lining membrane and speedily set up soreness and inflammation. For such troubles Peps are unequalled.

As a Peps tablet dissolves in the mouth, it gives off powerful healing and germicidal fumes that mix with the breath, bathe the throat, and circulate through the air-passages. In this efficient *direct* way, Peps exterminate the deep-laid seeds of disease. Soreness and inflammation are soothed and checked, the bronchial tubes are cleared, and breathing becomes easy and natural again. *Of all Chemists and Stores at 2/- and 5/- per box.*

Get PEPS To-Day

We Challenge YOU

TO PROCURE BETTER VALUE FOR MONEY ELSEWHERE IN THIS COUNTRY THAN GIVEN IN THE EXAMPLES SHOWN BELOW.

These boots are of exceptionally high quality and finish and well worth double the prices quoted. Don't miss this opportunity of securing value in high-grade stylish footwear suitable for all weathers, which cannot be obtained elsewhere at under double the price.

OUR GUARANTEE

We exchange any unsatisfactory pair of boots or refund your money at once provided the boots are returned within five days in good condition.

Our Price

for either Boot

17/9

PER PAIR.

Post and Packing FREE.

The BOX CALF WALKING BOOT.

A very stylish boot, particularly comfortable to wear and exceptionally stylish in appearance. Uppers soft and pliable, yet enduring and serviceable. Double leather soles. In all sizes. Built on similar lines to the South African Field Boot.

The SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD BOOT.

Warranted fine quality, Black or Tan, Calf Uppers, Double Leather Soles. A smart, comfortable, waterproof boot which will give long and satisfactory service in all weathers. In all sizes. Exactly as sold elsewhere at 45/-.

ORDER NOW

Or you may be too late to take advantage of the finest opportunity to secure smart reliable footwear at such a low price.

D. BARNETT & CO.

(Dept. J.B.), 3, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

—— and Wincarnis gives new vitality to those who are Run-down because ——

Wincarnis is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in one rich, delicious, health-giving preparation.

As a Tonic it "tones up" the whole system. As a Restorative it restores lost vitality. As a Blood-maker it enriches and re-vitalises the blood; and as a Nerve Food it promotes new nerve force.

That is why over 10,000 doctors recommend Wincarnis.

If you are Weak, or Anæmic, or Nervous, or Run-down—begin taking Wincarnis to-day.

But be sure you get Wincarnis —*shun substitutes.*

All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell Wincarnis. Try just one bottle.

Small Size, 3/3. —— Large Size, 6/-.

WINCARNIS

The Wine of Life.

GREAT 20/- (CARRIAGE PAID) OFFER

Extended Until Xmas.

THE PUBLIC HELP US. The enormous public response to our recent offer (originally made for 60 days) has made it possible for us to sell 25/-

SARTOR RAINCOATS

for **20/-** until the end of the year. The Public have helped to bring down the price of Sartor Raincoats by supporting a sound British offer.

SEND NO MONEY—simply a p.c. for Free Patterns, Style Book (Ladies, Gents, Maids and Youths) and Self-Measurement Form. If when you receive your coat you are not absolutely satisfied, your money will be refunded in full.

SARTOR LADIES' 'PULL-ON' HATS

In response to many enquiries from lady customers we introduce the Sartor Waterproof Hat. Style A.

The Hat Illustrated (Style A) is a typical Sartor production. Made of Waterproof Mackintosh, trimmed oilskin. Two Shades—Fawn or Grey. For wear with any raincoat.

HATS 5/6 Carriage paid.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.

(Dept. J), 53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

CALICO BARGAINS.

You save fully 8s. in the £ by buying direct from the makers. We are offering the finest calico ever produced for

Per 1/- Yard.

Widths, 31 in. and 36 in. Post free. Cash with order. Money back if not satisfied. Patterns post free.

To all purchasers of 20 yards we will present

FREE—A 1,000 Rouble Note

(Normal Value, £135).

CANDILIS & SONS (Dept J.B.), 9, Oxford Street, Manchester

FURS

AT WHOLESALE PRICES

The finest selection of beautiful ready-made **FURS** in London to choose from.

Every article GUARANTEED however low the price paid.

Inspection cordially invited or write for New Illustrated Catalogue

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO., 145, Cheapside, E.C.

(Showrooms on First Floor)

All correspondence relating to financial matters should be addressed to the City Editor.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By OUR CITY EDITOR.

Each enquiry must bear name and address and be accompanied by a Postal Order for One Shilling.

Still Improving.

Stock Exchange conditions continue to undergo betterment, as a direct result of the recent Bank rate reduction. A number of markets have lately been getting into stride in a manner quite reminiscent of brisk and normal times. The money market has become tighter, but this is immediately due to the increased volume of investment business, following the lowering of the official rate, and readers will remember my old advice that it is a sound principle to buy good securities at the beginning of a period of cheaper money.

Home Railway Buoyancy.

My remarks last week regarding Home Rails were hardly in print before they were justified, and the advance which has taken place in Home railway quotations has been more pronounced than that recorded in any other department. I hope that some readers were able to benefit from my suggestions in time. There is no particular reason why the improvement in Home Rails should not persist, now it has commenced. The market, as I said previously, is oversold, and investors are beginning to realise the advantages flowing from the new Railway Act—which, in addition to ensuring increased economy and efficiency by its "grouping" policy—provides machinery for adjusting rates to maintain pre-war standard earnings and also grants the Companies 30 millions at the end of this year and next to assist them back to the normal. Investors, therefore, who can look ahead, are certain to be rewarded.

Queensland's Rake's Progress.

As a pendant to my observations last week regarding Queensland finance, it is interesting to note that a leading Melbourne paper has lately been busy compiling a brief history of Mr. Theodore's financial policy during the six years the Labour Party, which he leads, has been in power in Queensland. Taxation during that period has increased by 350 per cent., while the Government, in addition to using up over 8½ millions of trust money and loans, has increased the Colony's debt by 24 millions to 80 millions. Yet at the present time unemployment and trade depression in Queensland are the worst in recent history. In the circumstances, Mr. Theodore's proposal to abolish the Queensland Upper House on the ground of expense will, to many, probably savour of effrontery.

Another Coal Strike?

Following the Government's definite refusal of a further subsidy for the coal industry, colliery shares, which had begun to mend, have turned groggy again. The market realises that the only way for the coal industry to recover its prosperity is for the miners to increase their efficiency in production. Nobody denies this has seriously declined, and that this decline is even more responsible than high wages for the state of the coal trade. Many of the biggest colliery companies are starting an intensive campaign to encourage higher output per man. It is to be hoped that the Miners' Federation will back them. Meanwhile, colliery shares for the moment are a dubious purchase.

Fortnightly Accounts.

The Stock Exchange Committee is evidently contemplating the resumption of fortnightly accounts in some form or other, though as I said some weeks ago it is very doubtful whether any general resumption of speculative business on pre-war lines is likely to be permitted. The Committee in an announcement regarding the results of its enquiries into the extent of the remaining pre-war account (which it states has been satisfactorily reduced), asks in a concluding passage for suggestions from Stock Exchange members as to the lines on which business shall be carried on after War Regulations are finally withdrawn. That some extension and variation of the present system of cash dealing will be decided upon is regarded as certain.

Happy Rubbers.

The current in the rubber share market has definitely turned. The quotations for leading shares, which I have been recommending for some months past as a good lockup, have advanced vigorously in sympathy with the raw material, which seems to be heading for 1s. per lb. and more. Manufacturers' stocks of the staple are generally low, and when they come forward to buy on even a fair scale they will not find much of the staple available at the present price. The market at the moment looks as if it has weathered its worst troubles, and the upward trend of share values has undoubtedly been accelerated by confidence bred of the activities of the new Rubber Shareholders' Association.

COMPANY MEETING.

UNITED DAIRIES.

OUR DAILY MILK.

The sixth ordinary general meeting of United Dairies, Ltd., was held on November 11th, at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C., Mr. Reginald Butler, chairman of the Company, presiding.

In moving the adoption of the report and accounts, the Chairman said:—

The report and accounts show that the net profit brought into this year's balance-sheet amounted to £356,185, to which must be added the £102,509 brought forward from the previous year, giving a total of £458,694, an increase of £94,103 over the corresponding figures of last year. After payment of preference dividend and the final dividend on the ordinary shares recommended by your directors (making 12½ per cent. per annum), there will remain, subject to Excess Profits Duty and Corporation Tax, £132,719 to be carried forward. The directors of United Dairies, Ltd., continue to devise and carry out improvements in the Company's factories, creameries and depots, recognising that reduced production costs depend very largely upon the earliest possible adoption to the newest and most efficient labour-saving machinery and constant application of the most progressive ideas in factory design and management. Wages also largely influence production costs, and on this point let me state in a sentence what is our attitude towards the Trades Boards so far as it affects the milk industry in its distributing branch. Our feeling in that respect is that the Trades Board ought to have all the support that we can give it.

The period covered by the accounts has been a difficult one both for the distributor and the producer. The disparity between the price of milk and that of milk products has never in our experience been so great as at present, and in fixing our retail prices of milk these losses have to be estimated as closely as possible and provided for.

We are often criticised. May I become critic in my turn and ask the consumer, Is he always so mindful as he ought to be of the claim of the producer to "fair treatment"? Are we consumers giving the producer a square deal or anything like a square deal, when, having saddled him with exacting requirements as to delivery and cleanliness, we turn aside and spend our money, that English gold of which we are so short, on foreign milk produced under conditions which we do not and cannot control? There is no necessity to look abroad for our milk supplies; this country can produce all the milk that it will require for many years to come. Then do not go outside; give the home producer that square deal.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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To install electric lighting.
To restore an old chest of drawers.
To make a wood bedstead and box mattress.
To make microscopic slides.
To make and set up tools.
Stencil cutting and stencilling.
Making a garden path.
Draught-proof windows and doors.
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A capstan lathe.
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A self-closing door.
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To make and erect a swing.
To make a woodworker's bench.
To make a child's bedding mail-cart.
To make beautiful boxes.

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Mr. W. Hook, Teddington, writes: "The Amateur Mechanic" has already been of great use and benefit to me. I have had to work alone, without any guiding hand, and have gleaned many hints and ideas, but they were always short of the finished facts. Your books supply the necessary details. Three weeks ago, I was asked to mend a ceiling; when I saw it, it had a hole about 18 inches square, with a big bulge on each side. The hole when ready for repairing was about 45 inches by 35 inches—rather a big job for an Amateur; **but this is where your 'Amateur Mechanic' comes in.** The job is completed now, and I am not ashamed of it. This is but one item. It is a pity your books were not published long ago, for I am sure there are many like me, who need just the help they give. I wish you every success."

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[The EDITOR replies to and chats with some of his numerous correspondents.]

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LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 98, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.*

"OLD READER" (Harehills). — Your generous donation to our "Greatest of These——" Fund is much appreciated, also the kind wishes you so warmly express.

'JOCK" (Clapham, S.W.).—"Whatever happens, keep us smiling." You may promise yourself at least one full-sized grin a week.

D. H. (Reading).—Thanks for cuttings, but we do not propose to follow the *Reading Standard*. For a brainy paper like this it wouldn't look well.

"X.Y.Z." (Cairo).—We cannot undertake to get your article published in the *Sunday Pictorial*. Besides, you must not assume that we entertain hostile feelings towards that journal.

"READER" (Lambeth, S.E.).—"I have noticed the good you have done in the past." And you may take it from us, seeny, that we shall not change our methods because a Magistrate chooses to call us names.

"LEVITE" (Chatham).—We agree that everything possible should be done to foster British manufactures. If anything specially brainy occurs to you, you might pass it on and we will bawl ourselves hoarse with it.

MRS. M. W. (Brixton).—"I expect you have a good many enemies." Not many, and none of them much good.

MRS. M. F. (Sydenham, S.E.).—As you say, "It is inconvenient for a woman not to have a pocket." Or to have one where she can't get at it without turning a somersault.

S. I. (Highgate, N.).—We do not follow your allusion to our "colossal apathy." Nothing personal, we trust.

"LADY READER."—We cannot publish your verses about Mr. Reuben Bigland. Perhaps you could obtain permission to recite them at the local music-hall.

C. S. H. (Birmingham).—The conversation you "overheard at the street corner" was, as you say, "distinctly humorous." Be careful, though, or one of these days you'll get your nose bitten.

MRS. J. N.—In our opinion the husband who stayed at home to mind the baby while his wife went to work had the worst of the bargain. Probably he had a grudge against the kid.

J. M. M. — Nice of you to write to us, but you shouldn't use an "alias." It looks as though you had had a dirty passage.

E. D. (Middlesbrough). — You were mistaken in assuming that we should complain because your poem reached us too late. On the contrary, we assure you.

F. S. R. (Basingstoke). — Your cheap sneer about "penny-a-liners" is greatly resented by our staff, several of whom are so opulent that they wear their Sunday suits all the week.

G. B. (Northam).—We are not quite clear what it is which "failed to function." If anything internal, you had better see a vet.

R. T. (King's Lynn).—Sorry to hear of your many troubles. "A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind."

H. P. D. (Belfast).—If you can really tell us in a short space "what is wrong with British boxing," we will undertake to hand the information to the right quarter. But remember George Washington.

E. W. (Southsea).—So you think £1,000 is far too much for a first "Bullets" prize? Probably you would change your tune if you were the lucky winner.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."—We note that your employers have "got the cheek to let married women work." If it is at the expense of ex-Service men, we agree that you have a just cause of complaint.

R. S. (Bridgwater).—The first issue of JOHN BULL was on June 9th, 1906, so for once in your life you have made a slight error. But pray don't apologise.

C. W. W. (Northampton).—"You always seem ready to help anyone." Nice of you to say so provided you don't mean the "seem" for sauce.

A. W. (California).—Thanks for your interesting note on the Pacific problem. If anyone drops out we shall nominate you for Washington.

H. P. S. (Wimbledon, S.W.).—It would certainly appear from the entry in the parish magazine that your vicar "has an earnest desire to increase the population." Not an uncommon tendency with the clergy.

C. A. P. (Bournemouth).—With no wish to be rude, we do not consider your solution of the unemployment problem worth £100. Besides, the likelihood is you would spend it all on charity within a week.

S. A. J. F. (South Benfleet).—You need not worry yourself at all over the hard things said about us. The poor gentleman was speaking Bironically.

"NATUROPATH."—We agree with what you say about the use of bathing costumes, but nothing on earth would induce us to print it.

W. A. (Blackpool).—Shopkeepers who open on Sundays may still be prosecuted under the Lord's Day Observance Act of 1677. Such prosecutions are not infrequent.

J. C. (London, E.C.).—"Everything contained in your recent article on Germany was correct." If you could have told us with a less surprised air we should have been still more gratified.

R. M. I. (Glasgow).—So you think the Post Office is "eaten up with ignorance and stupidity." If you had used even stronger language we would have granted you a free pardon.

A. L. (London, S.E.).—"Please do not answer this in your paper." Sorry to appear contrary, but we really must thank you for your interesting letter.

"JOHN TAR."—We note that you are "a bit of a naturalist." Perhaps you can tell us why the birds are so fond of Hammersmith Broadway.

W. C. (Woking).—If as you say you "got off your hind legs," we can quite believe that it "caused an interruption." Trust you have begun to mend.

"CONSTANT READER" (Derry).—"There may be scholars in Ireland but damn few saints." At any rate, we should not like to have to sort them out just at present.

E. S. M. (Homerton).—Afraid we cannot offer you any useful hints for a "patent spirit bottle," except to suggest that it should leak only at one end.

E. P. (Hereford).—"There is a world-wide dictum, 'Write to JOHN BULL about it.'" True, and thousands have lived to bless the day they did it.

"WELL-WISHER" (Portsmouth).—"It is a great pity that there are not a few more men like you in England." Not another word or you'll upset Sir Chartres Biron.

"DOCTOR" (Exeter).—We are accepting your advice to take your poetry "in small doses." So far, glad to say, no ill-effects.

F. B. (Southsea).—"My little boy thinks you are a great man." We put it to you that it would be a graceful act to double his pocket-money.

"JUST SEVENTEEN" (Harrogate).—Thanks for your letter. Watch the post and you may have a nice surprise.

P. R. (London, S.E.).—"I look to you to make England what it should be." That is a job at which we have been working overtime for the last twenty years.

C. E. M. (New York).—Sorry we could not publish your "piece of literature," which, through faulty composition, came unstuck in the hands of the printers.

"OPTIMIST" (Rochester). — "The various football teams have no respect for my judgment." A neat way of explaining your repeated failures in our Football Competitions, but you may have better luck yet if you keep on trying.

P. B. (Mountain Ash).—The statement that a prisoner will be "detained during His Majesty's pleasure" means that he is to be kept in custody as long as the authorities think fit. In the case of an insane person this may be for the whole term of his natural life.

J. M. (Great Yarmouth). — We do not share your regret that Mr. de Valera has been absent from the Irish Conference. Quite on the contrary, as the lady steamship passenger said when asked if she had dined.

R. A. (Belfast).—"I have not written to you before, and do so now simply to offer my sincere sympathy in your present troubles." With all our heart we tender warmest thanks.

"OLD COLONIST" (South Africa).—"Education, what follies are perpetrated in thy name!" Exactly what the boy said when he got the stick.

"NOT A FLAPPER" (Nottingham).—"You cheer many a drooping spirit every week of those who never mention it to you." That we are glad to believe, although those who do mention it make quite a nice lunch to go on with.

D. M. (Edinburgh).—We note that you have been receiving spirit messages. Nothing like a lively hobby to keep away the blues.

"TRIER" (Reading).—Yes, "The Mystic Light" can be solved, and in at least two ways. Of course town and country readers stand an equal chance.

A. H. (Swindon).—You will have seen that we dealt at length with the Farnham tragedy in our last issue, taking exactly your view of the matter. Must have been a brain-wave!

D. G. (South Wales).—There may be some women of whom it is true to say that "their daily work is dancing and knitting jumpers," but it does not apply to all. The clack of the typewriters in this office can be heard in Hyde Park.

"STUDENT" (Christ's College, Cambridge).—We would gladly have furnished one or two suggestions for the debate at Pembroke College, but unfortunately you omitted to sign your name. Still, no doubt you managed to back us up splendidly.

"HOPEFUL HUBBY" (Essex).—If you had given us your address we would have replied fully to your letter. Meanwhile, go on hoping, and save up your money.

"WILD ROSE."—Thanks for interesting particulars in regard to the late Lord Kitchener. You are certainly doing us proud in the way of letters.

BUDGSTEINFINT PRISONERS OF WAR CAMP.—We are asked to state that Mr. J. Stewart, of 130, Green Lanes, Stoneycroft, Liverpool, will be grateful if any soldiers who during the war were photographed with Private P. S. Dixon at this Camp will communicate with him.

"UNFORTUNATE" (Hove).—"I would like to say a word or two about living with relations." If you don't mind, we think it would be more polite if you didn't.

P. K. (London, S.W.1).—Of course, the newspaper report should have spoken about the "award of"—not "draw for"—Bullets Prizes. But don't blame the reporter. The acoustic properties of Bow Street are very inferior.

"DERICK" (Penrith).—Glad you find our columns so instructive. If the worst comes to the worst, we shall hire ourselves out as an encyclopædia.

D.C. (Fulham, S.W.).—From all you say, the salaries paid to teachers at the South Eastern Agricultural College would make a dustman turn up his nose in disgust.

"B.A., CANTAB."—Afraid we cannot assist you to "raffle an oil painting." Besides, it's a very wicked thing to do unless it's in aid of a Church bazaar.

J. G. (Pontypridd).—"I have often wondered how married men manage to live." That is a nasty rude thing to say, and we are quite ashamed of you.

H. S. (Southgate).—"I am not so hard hit as thousands of others." That shows your cheery optimism, which in the circumstances you outline is highly creditable.

E. B. (Nottingham).—At the risk of appearing eccentric, we venture to say that we like your poem. It was a capital idea to put the end so near the beginning.

C. W. P. (Camberwell).—"Would you be kind enough to expose this firm?" We would, but on the evidence you furnish we would not be cruel enough.

"DEO NON FORTUNA" (London, S.E.).—"Clergyman do not always take." That's true, like the stuff used for vaccination.

J. T. F. (Bayswater, W.).—"Are you aware of the number of Huns in Bayswater?" No, but if you will count them for us we will raise Cain over it.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

For economy's sake! get a "JOHN BULL" Pen. Coupon on page 14.

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STAMMERING.—Cure yourself as I did. Full particulars free. Mention "J. B."—Frank Hughes, 7, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

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AUTOMATIC Rug-Machine. Makes Wool or cloth rug in an hour. Forms profitable hobby. Extra strong. Price 2/9 (postage 3d.).—Send now, 3/- P.O. to E. J. R. and Co. (Dept. J.B.), 682, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

CERTIFIED BOOKKEEPERS get big pay. Qualify by postal training, 3/- monthly; success guaranteed, two exams. Prospectus free.—City Correspondence College (Dept. 9), 89, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

NEXT TIME you're "fed up" with endless stitches, *remember this*—a 2d. stamp to us will fetch you a free sample of "Mend-a-Tear," *which will abolish stitches for mending.* Remember!—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

A MONEY-MAKING SCHEME.—Write to us for particulars, we will show you how to earn a good income every week by selling boots on commission.—Maximum Shoe Co., Ltd., Dept. 92, Maximum Works, Northampton.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal Supply of Samples. Highest commission.—Freeman's, Govt. Contrs., Lavender Hill, London.

GRAMOPHONES. — Greatest bargains ever offered. Latest hornless cabinet models, solid oak throughout. Full price, 39/6. Seat on appro. Money back if not satisfied. Art catalogue free from actual makers.—Excello Gramophone Co., Dept. J.B., 53-54, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.

£3 CAPITAL.—Your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc., to H. Marks, 51-52, Houndsditch, E.1.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Semi-skilled men for training and skilled tradesmen for many trades required, including vulcanisers, motor drivers, fitters, etc. Ages 18 to 38 ex-Service men and 18 to 28 civilians. Men over 30 must be skilled. Pay commences at rates between 3/- and 5/6 per day, according to trade. Marriage Allowance paid to married men of 26 years of age and over, with allowance for children.—For particulars, write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, 4, Hepietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, Crown Bldgs., James Watt St., Birmingham, or 398, Bath Street, Glasgow, or 11, St. Anne Street, Liverpool; or 15, Old Town Street, Plymouth.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Burzons renew their wonderful offer to John Bull Readers

So great has been the response to our recent offer in "John Bull" that we have decided to give the readers of this paper one more chance of securing these bargains.

Not only are these three special lines covered by the "John Bull" guarantee, but so sure are we that they will delight you that we undertake to refund *more* than the money paid in the event of the goods not meeting with approval.

THIS SPLENDID OVERCOAT 32/6 CARRIAGE PAID.

For only 32/6 this warm serviceable overcoat, strongly made from good quality reliable dark grey Cheviot, well lined and finished off, will be delivered free to your door.

You are asked to take Curzon's pledged statement that a similar Overcoat was sold last season for £3 17s. 6d.

If the overcoat is not as stated, all you have to do is return it to us, and we will at once remit you 34/6 (that is 2/- more than you paid.)

No patterns can be sent.

These coats are not on sale at our shops, but are offered to "John Bull" readers only.

THIS FINE TRENCH COAT 21/- POST FREE.

The ordinary price of these grand Trench Coats (*not* Government Goods) is Two Guineas. They are full-length coats, lined rubber, double-breasted style with belt, exactly as illustrated. They are not only shower-Proof but storm-Proof.

Understand clearly that the £1 1s. will be in full payment for the coat, and no more money will be required.

If on receipt of the Trench Coat you don't like it, return it to us, and we will send you 22/-, so that you won't be a penny out of pocket.

Could anything be fairer?

TROUSERS at less than half Price

10/- PER PAIR. Carriage Paid.

Made from durable Tweeds, in mid-grey, dark grey, brown and fancy grey stripes, and honestly worth more than double the money we are asking for them.

When ordering, please state shade required. No Patterns can be sent.

We undertake to refund your money if we fail to please you. Not more than two pairs can be supplied to any individual customer.

CURZON BROS., Ltd.

The World's Measure Tailors,

60 & 62, City Rd, London E.C.1

USE THIS COUPON NOW.

To CURZON BROS., LTD.,
60 & 62, City Road, London, E.C.1

I enclose Cheque/P.O. ..... for which please send me, carriage paid, on your guarantee—

Overcoat at £1 12 6 Trench Coat at £1 1 0
Trousers at 10/-

Strike out line not required—if any.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

COATS.
Height .....
Chest .....
over Waistcoat.
TROUSERS.
Waist .....
Length .....
Inside Leg .....

If patterns of our Suitings from £1 7 6 to £4 12 6 are required write the word "Yes" here...

Gibbs

Ivory Castle Fairy Book

and sample of

Gibbs Dentifrice

FREE

EVERY little reader of the Ivory Castle Fairy Book knows that the Gibbs Fairies are lovable creatures. Thousands of them live in a cake of Gibbs Dentifrice and come out to scour the Ivory Castles inside your mouth.

But not only can they scrub—they are famous doctors too. They neutralise the dangerous lactic acid which forms in the mouth, and so keep aloof throngs of horrible disease-germs.

Is *your* child one *of* the happy hearty "Gibbs kiddies" who have found out about the fairies by reading the Ivory Castle Fairy Book?

If not, send 2d. in stamps for postage, *and* your name and address for your free copy and sample of Gibbs Dentifrice to:—

D. & W. GIBBS Ltd. (Dept. 1713), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E. 1.

LUMBAGO

The distressing pains caused through Lumbago, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis, and Neuralgia are almost instantly relieved by the use of Dr. Bengue's Balsam.

Mr. R. N. F. of Lincoln, writes:—"I know of no preparation which is so valuable for relieving pain and giving relief."

DR BENGUES

Removes the Pain **BALSAM**

Gives relief to the most obstinate cases. Thousands have testified to the beneficial results of this wonderful balm.

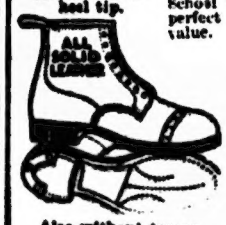
Of all Chemists, price 2/- and 3/-.

Dr. BENGUE & Co.,
52d, Charlotte St., Oxford St., LONDON, W.1.

SCHOOL BOOTS

THAT STAND THE HARD WEAR OF SCHOOL DAYS.

Girl's Boot—No heel tip.



Also without toecap for Scouts—same price.

Guaranteed All Leather 7/6

Higher Grade for Best Wear, 2/- extra.

School Boots must be made of Leather throughout and best leather too—to stand the youngsters' games. Needham's Boots are specially made for School wear; guaranteed All Leather, perfect fit, neat appearance, unequalled value.

Sizes			
7-10	.	7/6	pair.
11-1	.	8/6	"
2-5	.	10/	"
6	.	1/-	extra.
Postage	.	6d.	"

And your money will be refunded immediately if you are not satisfied. Send to-day and receive boots in 48 hours or write for profusely illustrated family Catalogue No. 61. It offers unrivalled value in footwear and clothing.

John Needham
ALL LEATHER WORKS
98 Sparkenhoe St. LEICESTER

SECOND PRIZE
£100
10 Prizes of £5
10 Prizes of £2-10-
200 Prizes of 5/-

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE
£1,000
100 TURKEY PRIZES
These specially selected Turkeys will be despatched to reach their respective prizewinners in ample time for the Christmas dinner.

THIRD PRIZE
£50
1,000 Prizes of 2/6
3,000 "TARGET" PRIZES
2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

COMING!—BIGGEST "BULLETS" PRIZE OFFER EVER MADE!!

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Forty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you :—Example :—FAIR FIGHT. Bullet :—FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 430.

GIFT OF THE GAB	ARTFUL DODGE	SOLVING THE PUZZLE	BRITAIN MUST NOT
THE PRINCE'S TRIP	FINGER IN PIE	PAYING HER BACK	NEVER A LOSER
A JOB FOR FATHER	MAKING NOTHING	A DIFFERENT MAN	DANGEROUS TO MIX
ANGEL WITHOUT WINGS	A BIT ON	LOVING HUSBAND	BY INSTALMENTS
UP IN THE AIR	FAIR DECEIVER	WITH EYES SHUT	SAVING HER FACE
A WET NIGHT	BAND OF HOPE	GETTING US DOWN	WE CAN'T AFFORD
GOOD FOR TRADE	GRASPING HANDS	FAT AND LEAN	HONEYMOON COUPLE
PRETTY NEAR THING	HE AND SHE	BOGEY MAN	ASLEEP AND AWAKE
BIT OF HEAVEN	LAZY RACE	NOW AT WORK	EVER OPEN DOOR
BIGGEST AND BEST	WE ALL DREAD	DONE EVERY DAY	SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

Closing Date, Thursday, November 24th.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(430) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, November 24th.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(430) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 430, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 24th.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(430) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, November 24th.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(430) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 428th 'Bullets' Competition

TWIN FIRST PRIZES OF £500 EACH:

Mr. A. J. LYNCH,
63, Tantallon Road, Balham, S.W.12.
Example :—MERRY AND BRIGHT.
Bullet :—OFTEN DOCTOR'S FINEST QUALIFICATION.

Mr. S. WILSON,
Ordnance Office, Hobbs Point, Pembroke Dock.
Example :—WORKS OFF.
Bullet :—FEELING OF "EVERLASTING" GRATITUDE.

TWIN SECOND PRIZES OF £100 EACH:

Mr. HENRY BLUCK, 56b, Exeter Street, Brighton.
Example :—TAXPAYER'S BURDEN.
Bullet :—LIMITS OTHER "ENCUMBRANCES."

Miss EVE DARRELL, 463, Fulham Road, S.W.10.
Example :—POLITICAL GAME.
Bullet :—LANDING US "IN NET."

TWIN THIRD PRIZES OF £50 EACH:

Mr. J. SAMBROOK, 69, St. Philip's Road, Newmarket.
Example :—JUST A LITTLE BIT.
Bullet :—OF PROFIT, SATISFIED ONCE.

Mr. J. TEMPLETON, 48, Oswald Street, Carlisle.
Example :—SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Bullet :—UNDER PROHIBITION—ONLY DEARER.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mr. J. M. COOPER, Bridge House, Bonnybridge, N.B.: SATURDAY TO MONDAY—ONLY PREVENTS PREMIER'S BREAKDOWN.

Mrs. A. DOWSON, 4, Reid Terrace, Sunnyfield, Yorks.: WHEN FORTUNE FROWNS—FOR MEN—WOMEN JURORS.

Mr. T. NAISBIT, 21, Grange Row, Carrville, nr. Durham: PAINTING TOWN RED—ISN'T JOB TOMMY'S AFTER.

Mr. L. P. SERGINSON, Victoria Terrace, Swainby, near Northallerton: TIME WE STARTED—"PURITY CAMPAIGN" REGARDING BEER.

Mr. H. WILLIAMS, 27, Estcourt Road, Fulham, S.W.6: TEN YEARS AGO—WHISKY WAS MUCH OLDER.

Mr. G. MART, Manchester & County Bank, Chorley, Lancs.: SOONER THAN WE THINK—ELECTORS "PICKING THE WINNERS."

Mrs. M. L. BURRONS, R.O. 124, New Hall Lane, Preston, Lancs.: THE NEW MAID—CREATES HALO FOR FIRST.

Mrs. W. HUNTER, 12, Arcadia Terrace, Blyth, Northumberland: GETTING THE BULLET—NOT IN FUTURE WARS.

Mr. A. W. APPLEGATE, 445, Meadow Lane, Nottingham: POLITICAL GAME—WHO'LL SPLIT THINNEST HAIR.

Mr. W. CHARLES, 2, Tamworth Street, Openshaw, Manchester: JUST A LITTLE BIT—OF SWORD EUROPE'S SHEATHED.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mrs. G. WATFORD, 86, Camden Road, Bridgwater, Somerset: SOLD EVERYWHERE—HOPE WASHINGTON PROVES EXCEPTION; Mr. H. F. HORNE, 4, Leopold Street, Derby: WHEN FORTUNE FROWNS—FATHERLAND PRINTS MORE PAPER; Miss M. WEBBER, 14, Carlton Street, West Hartlepool: THE SOCIALISTS—GERMANS—WHEN THEY LOST; Mr. J. A. HUDSON, Lyndhurst, Needham Market, Suffolk: JOLLY GOOD JOB—THAT "STICKERS" OUTNUMBERED "LIMPETS"; Mr. H. MUCKERSIE, c.o. Miss Cameron, 19, Rosehall Street, Glasgow: THE NEW MAID—A "PEARL" TILL TESTED; Miss M. HARRISON, 93, Barnsley Road, Wombwell, Yorks.: JUST A LITTLE BIT—EMBEZZLER USUALLY STARTS WITH; Miss K. PARSONS, Fairlee Road Cemetery, Newport, I.-of-W.: WIFE WON'T LET ME—ONLY PROHIBITION BRITON KNOWS; Mrs. A. BORKETT, 166, Rye Lane, Peckham: OUTSIDE WHITEHALL—"PUSH" INSIDE "PULL"; Mr. A. H. HARDWICK, 22, Swanwick Street, Nottingham: FOOLISH MISTAKE—BIG NAVIES, ON SURFACE; Mr. W. H. HOWCHIN, 55, Harsnett Road, Colchester: I WONDER WHEN—PREMIER'S WEEK REALLY BEGINS.

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex.
The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 6s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal Representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to ..	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks..	£1 per week

ALREADY PAID
575
CLAIMS.

FULL CONDITIONS.

This offer applies only to persons over 10 years and residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

Any number of persons in one family may be separately insured provided an order for JOHN BULL is placed and a registration form is forwarded in respect of each person.

Claims, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be received by us within three days of the loss or damage, and in the case of death, such death must occur within thirty days, and as a direct and sole result of the injury.

Payment will be made subject to any rights which the claimant may have or acquire against, or under, any other Insurance Scheme, Company, or otherwise, and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall not be liable until the registered reader has exhausted his or her right under such insurance.

This offer applies only to the dwelling-houses, apartments, or dwelling-rooms attached to business premises of the registered reader, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments under this scheme to £10,000, and to discontinue, or make any variation of this offer by the publication of notice in JOHN BULL. The decision of the proprietors of JOHN BULL upon all questions shall be final.

In order to safeguard ourselves it is stipulated that a fire will not be recognised as such unless a call has been made upon the local Fire Brigade or appliance.

Owing to lack of space, the Newsagents' Order Form and Readers' Registration Form is held over, but will again appear in next week's issue.

Biggest Football Prize ever Offered!

£2,000

FOR ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £2,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £2,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £2,000 **MUST BE WON.** This is the

BIGGEST FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER.

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. Scottish and Irish readers can compete. Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

NO GOALS REQUIRED

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from papers announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £2,000 (two thousand pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £2,000 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £2,000. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

HOW TO FILL UP YOUR COUPONS

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than **Thursday, Dec. 1st,** will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Sunday Illustrated" and "Sunday Evening Telegram."

Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: **Football Competition No. 14, "JOHN BULL," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.** Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

Result of Football Competition No. 11 appears on page 5.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.

Closing Date, Thursday, December 1st.
MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3rd.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Aston Villa	v.	Liverpool			
Cardiff City	v.	Sunderland			
Chelsea	v.	Preston N. E.			
Huddersfield T.	v.	Burnley			
Newcastle U.	v.	Middlesbrough			
Blackpool	v.	Fulham			
Notts County	v.	Leeds United			
South Shields	v.	Notts Forest			
Millwall	v.	Southampton			
Watford	v.	Queen's P. R.			

Coupons must be cut—not torn out.

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

(14) SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

Send your address now to H. Samuel for his

FREE BOOK OF 3,000 XMAS GIFTS

You save enormously by buying direct from the Factory, and there are lots of splendid

FREE PRIZES

for all buyers.

WRITE NOW!

H. SAMUEL
100, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

H. Samuel, Ltd.

Illustrations of Gent's RINGS. Over 500 fine designs for selection. From ... **15/6**

Suspicious Symptoms

THOSE who have taken a risk of Venereal Disease should immediately go to a doctor or hospital.

Issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 36a, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, from whom free information and literature can be obtained.

Everyone should borrow the "Welfare Library" (7 books on social subjects) 1/6 post free.

Queeries

??????????

THE NEW COMPETITION

First Prize £50 First Prize

AND OVER 300 OTHER PRIZES.

TO allow "John Bull" readers an opportunity to compete in "QUEERIES," the fascinating new competition now running in the "London Mail" and "Passing Show," a Coupon is provided below. *ALL YOU HAVE TO DO* is to answer, in not more than nine words, one or more of the "QUEERIES" given below. The Coupon below can be used for ONE QUERRY AND ONE ANSWER ONLY. *Extra attempts can be sent on plain paper.* A postal order at the rate of 6d. for each answer must be sent. Example:

Query: What Worries Father? Answer: Saving Up For Christmas Boxes.

QUEERIES FOR No. 4 COMPETITION:

What Would You Like for Christmas?
Is Life Worth Living?
What is An Optimist?
What's Wrong With the Government?
What Did He Say When He Left Her?
What Worries Father?
What Made the Worm Turn?
What is a Rouse?

Address your envelope to "QUEERIES" No. 4, 25, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No. 4 (J.B.) Closing Date, Tuesday, Nov. 29.

YOUR ANSWER MUST CONSIST OF NOT MORE THAN NINE WORDS.

Query .....

.....

Answer .....

.....

.....

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

A postal order at the rate of 6d. for each attempt must be sent.

INSTANTLY KILLS PAIN

Everyone suffering pain should try the quickest, surest and safest way of obtaining immediate ease. This is the VIKWIK way. No matter how the pain is caused, whether by Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Synovitis, Cramp, Sprains, Bruises, or by any kind of muscular strain, let VIKWIK cure it at once; it will penetrate immediately, soothing the inflamed tissues, giving instant and lasting relief. It is a distinctive liniment; IT IS THE FAMILY LINIMENT; it need not be rubbed, and will not burn or blister the most sensitive skin. It is not an oily or greasy substance, with an objectionable odour. It is just—well—it's just IT. There is nothing like VIKWIK. Nothing so quick and effective, and there's nothing else you will have when you've tried it. Get a bottle now. Price 1/3 and 3/- (three times the quantity). Stocked by Boots' (650 branches), Taylor's, Timothy White's, Selfridge's, Harrods, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct, post free, from the VIKWIK CO., Desk 4, 27, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

VIKWIK LINIMENT

INSTANTLY KILLS PAIN OF

Rheumatism, Backache, Cramp, Neuralgia, Nerve Pains, Sprains, Gout, Sore Throat, Strains, Sciatica, Bruises, Lumbago

In 1/3 bottles, large size, 3/-.

The Rev. A. A. Williams, M.A., Northallerton, writes (unsolicited)—

"They outwear any three others"

Phillips Rubbers

The Soles that last the time of three.

PRICE 2/9

THE "STAR" Darning a pleasure!

DARNING MACHINE

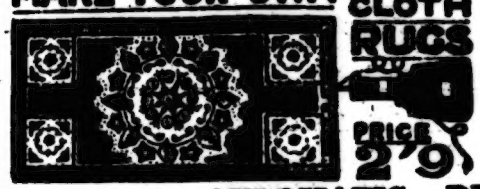
Like a small loom—mends anything from Underwear to Lace Curtains.

With this wonderful hand darning machine you can do the work of an hour in a few minutes. Perfectly even darn is smoothly woven right into fabric, leaving no lumps. The greatest boon to the busy housewife ever invented. Speedily puts fresh heel or toe in stocking and neatly repairs tabic linen, curtains, fine silk goods, etc. The "Star" Darning Machine is complete in itself, and is *NOT* a sewing-machine attachment. It is so very simple to work that by its aid even a child can darn quicker, neater and better than an expert by hand alone.

MAKES DARNING A PLEASANT RECREATION, saving endless time, eye-strain and labour. Will last a lifetime, being strong, and well made of high-grade metal throughout. Supplied in neat box with easy illustrated directions. Usual price 3/6, Reduced to 2/9 (postage 3d. extra). Send now 2/- P.O. to

E.J.B. CO., Dept. J.B.), 682, Holloway Road, London, N. 19.

MAKE YOUR OWN WOOL & CLOTH RUGS



PRICE 2/9

A FASCINATING HOBBY WITH BIG PROFITS.

The home manufacture of rugs and mats is a favourite hobby, yielding a handsome return for the little time and trouble involved. There is always great satisfaction in seeing the work of one's hands develop into a thing of beauty for the embellishment of one's home. What is a nicer pastime than sitting by the fireside turning old cloth, wool, etc., into beautiful rugs, etc., especially when a mat can be STARTED AND FINISHED THE SAME EVENING by using our

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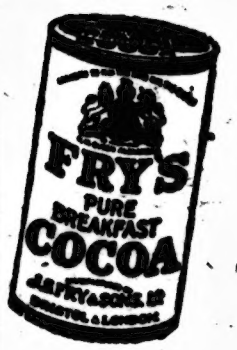

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